

Sports Illustrated

A color portrait of Terry Baker, a young man with short, light brown hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark blue V-neck sweater over a light blue collared shirt and a dark tie. His hands are clasped in front of him. The background is a solid dark blue.

JANUARY 7, 1963 25 CENTS

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

SCHOLAR-ATHLETE TERRY BAKER

THE INSIDE STORY...



ON THE NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER!



Different? Definitely!

1. Handlee Loads Other Wagons Can't! The rear opening is **Higher** (cargo height 3 feet 5 inches). **Wider** (4 feet 7 inches), and with tailgate open it has a cargo length of over 9 feet. **2. Automatic Transmission and 4-Wheel Drive.** The Wagoneer is the only station wagon to offer the extra traction and safety of 4-wheel drive, with the extra convenience of optional automatic transmission. **3. Single Selector Knob for 4-Wheel Drive.** Easy to operate. Pull it back when you need 4-wheel drive traction, push it forward when you don't. Unique signal light on the dashboard tells you when you're in 2- or 4-wheel drive. **4. Independent Front Suspension, First in Any 4-Wheel Drive Wagon.** Optional independent front suspension with torsion bar action smooths out even the biggest bumps. **5. America's Only Automotive Overhead Camshaft Engine.** The Tornado-OHC engine offers longer engine

life, lower maintenance costs, lower gasoline bills than any comparable conventional engine. And it gives you plenty of reserve passing power when you need it. **6. Higher, Wider, Easier-To-Enter Doors.** The Wagoneer's doors swing out a full 82-degrees, making it easier to get in and out. Ample head-room, hip-room, and leg-room assure comfort for six passengers—even on long journeys. **The New 'Jeep' Wagoneer** is the first station wagon ever built to offer the comfort, silence, speed and smoothness of a passenger car—plus the safety and traction of 4-wheel drive. It's the one family wagon you can drive almost anywhere, in almost any weather. The Wagoneer is also available in 2-wheel drive models. **Step in! See it up! Try it out at your 'Jeep' Dealer's today!**



 Willys Motors, world's largest manufacturer of 4-wheel drive vehicles, one of the growing Kaiser Industries.

"I may be holding the
answer to one of your
biggest problems!"



This man is a Bell Telephone Communications Consultant.

His specialty: solving business problems with efficient, tailor-fit communications.

He can do it for you. First, he'll analyze your operations and see how well your present communications work for you. Then he'll make his recommendation. Because Bell System research is producing newer, more advanced business services all the time, it's a good bet he can give better answers to your communications problems than ever before—answers designed to help you save time, cut costs and improve profits.

The compact, desktop console switchboard he's holding is just one of these new services. It's part of a new dial-PBX system you should know about.

It will let you and your staff dial all inter-office and outgoing local calls right from your desks. Your switchboard attendant will thus be free to give priority attention to incoming calls—and to handle other productive jobs, too.

Whatever your communications problem may be, you'll profit from a talk with this man. It's easy to arrange. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a Communications Consultant.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Contents

JANUARY 7, 1963 *Playmate JR., Number 3*

Cover photograph by Neal Bass

8 The Packers, Yes!

Efficient Green Bay trounced the Giants in frigid Yankee Stadium and won its second straight NFL title

16 Sportsman of the Year

He is Scholar-Athlete Terry Baker, the brilliant Oregon State quarterback whose awards in 1962 were legion

22 Vintage Year for Champions

Color action and informal portraits of a fine brooding of athletes—one so rare he was declared a national treasure

38 Treats for a Ski Weekend

Forethought and a menu that practically cooks itself can prevent a ski wife from becoming a galley slave

40 The ABC's of Squash Racquets

One of the nation's top teaching pros invites readers onto the squash court to learn—or look

48 Busy Year for Sonny

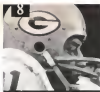
Jack Nilon, Sonny Liston's outspoken manager, says the champion may have as many as three fights in 1963

52 Mighty Joe Morovits

Legend and fact, assembled for the first time, show him to be the real-life Paul Bunyan of the Cascades

The departments

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 4 Scorecard | 58 For the Record |
| 46 Basketball | 58 Basketball's Week |
| 48 Boxing | 60 19th Hole |
| 51 Golf | |



16



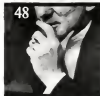
38



40



48



52



SONNY LISTON'S *PLAYMATE*, published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., accepts one cent at retail and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Chicago, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or sketched for a different special. NPI-SPI.

As knowledge on page 60

Next week

THE BRASHEST BOY on the pro golf tour is Phil Rodgers. Fat, sexy and tough to beat, he is depicted at his superconfident—but sometimes lonely—best by Walter Bingham.

A WIDE WORLD of ice and snow, where velocities smoke on the skyline and a glacier chisels out huge chasms, is shown in a color portfolio of strange New Zealand ski sites.

THE VACATION MOUSE has developed into a billion-dollar business. Cranston Jones tells how it is changing the techniques of building and creating a new leisure architecture.

SCORECARD

LET 'EM FIGHT

Seney Liston says he "come for to fight." He is willing to take on Floyd Patterson, Ingemar Johansson, Hamid Johnson or anybody big enough and old enough. He wants to fight two or three times a year. That sounds to us the way a heavyweight champion should talk.

On the other hand, we have the World Boxing Association. The WBA has lampooned the idea of a Liston-Patterson rematch, saying that Patterson should, in effect, go out and get a name for himself before being permitted another shot at Liston. Not content with stating its opinion, the WBA drew itself up to its full 4 feet 2 inches and announced that any state or nation sanctioning an immediate Patterson-Liston return fight should be suspended from the WBA.

The World Boxing Association perhaps should be excused its flamboyant attempts to get prestige and publicity. But we do wish it would stop opposing fights. Apparently the WBA, because of what happened in Chicago last September, wants Floyd Patterson to start all over to prove that he is a valid challenger.

We recognize that the return-match clause is sometimes abused, and we certainly do not feel it should be applied to all fights. But just as certainly we feel it is a valid and just device when applied to the heavyweight championship. A man like Patterson, who held boxing's most important crown for five of the last six years, deserves an immediate chance to regain it.

What the WBA should be seeking is a quick rematch between Patterson and Liston. Then, should Liston win again, Patterson would indeed need to go out and prove himself. But the events of two minutes and six seconds should not spell oblivion for any champion, no matter how poor his showing. There are tens of thousands of us who couldn't quite believe our eyes in Chicago. We deserve a rematch, too.

THEY SAID IT

• Art Aragon, ex-fighter: "Now that I am a bull bondman, I make less money

but keep more. A fighter should be taxed out of every fight, not at the end of a year. When he gets a couple of \$1,000 bills he thinks he's rich. A couple of Cadillacs and a half dozen dolls are par for his course. When time comes to pay his tax he doesn't have a dime."

• Gene Collins, motorcycle enthusiast and dancer with the National Ballet troupe: "This really is tougher than riding a motorcycle. We work harder than any football player, trackman or even a truckdriver."

• Tom Scalzo, an Arcadia, Calif., bowling proprietor, who has rolled three perfect games: "A 300 game in bowling is the hardest of all sports feats. Nothing can compare with the mental and physical strain of rolling that 12th, payoff ball. You wonder why the hall quivers in your hand, and, believe me, it does."

• Stirling Moss, racing champion, recuperating from a crash of eight months ago and after two operations from results of that crash: "I have the will to get fit, but I have not the will to win—yet. I'll know when that comes; perhaps tomorrow, next year, or never."

MARINE STATUS

Rolls-Royce is a synonym for perfection. Famed for its production of "The Best Car in the World," the company now does 80% of its business in aerojet engines. In fact, over 50% of the free world's jet or propjet airliners are powered by Rolls-Royce engines. In 1929 the Rolls-Royce R aero-engine was developed, giving an unbelievable one hp for each 0.7 pounds of weight, and it was the R engine that set land and water world speed records in the Campbell Bluebirds. Now Rolls-Royce has decided to enter the marine field in earnest, adding a petrol engine to their marine diesels. By adapting their 8-cylinder V8 aluminum automobile engine they have made 850 pounds produce 250 shaft horsepower in the typical silent, vibration-free Rolls-Royce manner. After careful study the company selected Gray Marine as its U.S. representative. Gray Marine has 20 distributors, 70 dealers and some 500 serv-

ice stations which will all be trained and equipped for handling the new engine with the customary cummerbund service due an aristocrat. Gray Marine also produces its own 280-hp engine weighing 925 pounds, but its only advantage over the rival import will be price. However, along with the additional cost for his silent companion below decks, the Rolls-Royce purchaser also gets a plaque for prominent display on his boat. It reads, "Powered by Rolls-Royce."

HARVEY'S DECLINE

The New York Rangers of the National Hockey League are trying to sell or trade their veteran defensive star, Doug Harvey, one of the best players in hockey history, who last year coached and played so brilliantly that he led the Rangers into the Stanley Cup playoffs. Harvey quit as coach this season and wanted to quit as a player, but the Rangers persuaded him to stay on as a player by giving him a \$30,000 contract, granting him the privilege of skipping practice sessions and paying for his between-game trips to his home in Montreal. The Rangers' generosity has backfired. Harvey's play has been ragged, and teammates and fans are complaining about the special treatment being accorded him.

FORD IN MONTE CARLO

Not so long ago a sort of idealistic curtain separated Detroit and the auto manufacturers of Europe. Detroit built size and comfort and ignored racing. Europe built surefooted handling and went racing at the drop of a spark plug. An American cult growing up around the European imports snooted at "Detroit iron." Detroit snooted right back at "funny little foreign cars."

Now times have changed. This week in a magnificently flound but, nonetheless, significant speech in Monte Carlo, Benson Ford, vice-president of the Ford Motor Co., said, "We Americans are beginning once again to hearken to the deep, full-throated music of a fine-tuned engine pouring it on, the whine of the gearbox, the squeal of hot rubber on asphalt. We are looking under the hoods and under the sheet metal and demanding more and more the attributes of the great couraging cars of Europe."

Five years ago such a declaration by an American automaker would have been unbelievable. But as this magazine revealed in November, Ford has undertaken a massive new program in sport events. This month it will put the first

continued

Why this 23" TV set
(overall diag. meas.; 280 sq. in. picture viewing area)
is a bargain at \$269^{95*}



MOTOROLA
new leader in the lively art of electronics

This Motorola console has a beautiful wood cabinet, hand-wired chassis* and features you'd expect in a higher priced set

If you've shopped around for a TV lately, all the good things that come with this set at this price are likely to amaze you.

The Danish style cabinet, for instance, is made of genuine Mahogany veneers and select hard wood solids hand-rubbed to a soft oiled finish. Something hard

to find in brand name TV at anywhere near the price.

And the value in this set isn't in the cabinet alone. There's a lighted channel indicator. Motorola's finest hand-wired chassis precision-crafted with modern hand and dip soldering for long life, a Custom-Matic Tuner minimizes the fuss of fine tuning when changing channels and a Golden Tube Sentries' Limit limits warm-up power surge, a recognized cause of tube failure. Good features that have made Motorola's TV famous for reliability and performance for years.

This 23" set is a real confidence on every tube and part.

If you've been putting up high-tolerance TV because you thought it was too expensive, stop by your Motorola dealer's and ask to see this model 23K87M. You'll think it's worth more than the manufacturer's suggested list price of \$269.95,* (optional price with dealers, slightly higher in some areas).

AA **MOTOROLA**

On TV see the world's greatest golfers play the world's greatest courses!



11 new matches-Starting Jan. 20-Every Sunday-NBC-TV in color

- Watch as 22 outstanding pros are challenged by 11 of the world's most famous and difficult courses.
- Gene Sarazen and George Rogers describe the play and finer points of the game. In every program, pros demonstrate, in slow motion, helpful tips on technique.
- View local color and customs of faraway places from your easychair. A different course, a different country every week.

SCHEDULE "SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF"

PLAYERS		LOCATION	BROADCAST DATE
Gene Littler	Eric Brown	Glenageais (Scotland)	Jan. 20
Dew Fosterwald	Peter Alliss	Tryall (Jamaica B.W.I.)	Jan. 27
Dave Ragan, Jr.	Celestino Tugot	Wack-Wack (Philippines)	Feb. 3
Arl Wall, Jr.	Stan Leonard	Royal Quebec (Canada)	Feb. 10
Doag Sanders	Anne Werkell	Halmstad (Sweden)	Feb. 17
Jack Nicklaus	Sam Sneed	Pebble Beach (California)	Feb. 24
Byron Nelson	Gerry de Wit	Hague (Holland)	Mar. 3
Phil Rodgers	Frank Phillips	Royal Singapore (Singapore)	Mar. 10
Bill Casper, Jr.	Harry Bradshaw	Portmarnock (Ireland)	Mar. 17
Bob Goalby	Bob Charles	Paraparaumu Beach (New Zealand)	Mar. 24
Bob Rosburg	Roberto De Vicenzo	Los Leones (Chile)	Mar. 31



SHELL'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF GOLF

STARTS SUNDAY, JAN. 20, NBC-TV, 4 PM EST, 3 PM CST, 2 PM MST, 4 PM PST.

Also to be seen on CTV Network in Canada

SCORECARD

American factory team into the noted Monte Carlo Rally.

Benson Ford went on to say, "It is largely as a result of European concepts that the American industry has been able to remain profitable . . . and hold the price line. . . . The American buyer is demanding performance and handling in an increasingly louder voice. He has learned about them following the sports-page accounts of road races and rallies first in Europe and then in the United States. This growing preoccupation with driving for sport and for pleasure has pumped new life into the U.S. automobile market. We have passed through the winter of our automotive discontent, when Americans seemed to lose interest in style and performance in automobiles."

UP THE JET STREAM

Salmon, when alive, like to swim upstream to spawn. When caught, their struggles usually subside, on the table or in a can. This is the tale of a poor salmon taken in a river in Scotland and rushed air express as a Christmas present from M. Macleod & Co. of Glasgow, to John Mennies, president of Parrott & Co., wholesale liquor dealers in San Francisco. The salmon arrived over San Francisco the day after shipment, right on schedule but, because of fog, the plane couldn't land. Fish and plane were diverted to Las Vegas, and the fish remained aboard when the plane headed for the completion of its flight in Honolulu. There the salmon was taken off and sent on the first plane straight back to San Francisco. Fog again. The weary salmon once more went to Las Vegas, but before nightfall he was off again to Seattle. Finally, 9 days and 12,000 miles after leaving home, the flying Scot reached San Francisco.

By this time, alas, the salmon was not only too late but too pungent for Christmas dinner.

SHREWD BUBAS

Last week before the Duke-Princeton basketball game, the Tigers' coach, Bill van Breda Kolff, was chatting with the Blue Devil star, Art Heyman, an old friend. Heyman allowed as how it would be nice if Princeton would guard him man to man, instead of using a zone defense. Van Breda Kolff said that would be all right with him if Duke would de- fense the Tigers and their sophomore

star, Bill Bradley, the same way. Fine, promised Heyman, and the bargain was struck.

Unfortunately for Bill van Breda Kolff, Art Heyman does not coach Duke. Vic Bubas does, and Bubas threw up a four-man zone with the extra man assigned to harass Bradley. The surprised and irritated Princetonians fell behind 42-28 in the first half, and though they rallied later, they were unable to pull the game out. A chagrined Van Breda Kolff snorted, "Duke is good enough to use man-to-man and they try this stuff."

Bubas said nothing and kept on thinking. The next night in Greensboro, where Duke was playing Wake Forest, he asked for a measurement of the south goal at half time. It just didn't look right to him. The basket proved to be three inches low. After it was reset at its proper height, the Duke shooters hit 24 of 37 shots for a 64.9 percentage and rolled to a 113-87 victory.

Moral: don't mess with Bubas.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The Mahi Shrine, sponsor of the North-South college football games in Miami, may have sponsored its last one on December 22. Only 16,952 turned out in the Orange Bowl, and many of those were kids admitted free or for 25c. It was the smallest crowd in the history of the event, though the weather was ideal and the game excellent, the South winning 15-14, with a touchdown in the last 37 seconds. Only the television receipts of \$25,000 assured the Shrine's fund for crippled children a profit.

• Insiders now insist that Wilbur Johns, UCLA athletic director, will be moved upstairs to a job created for him, and Billy Barnes will take over as athletic director.

• A year hence when Oregon and San Jose State meet in football at Eugene, the opposing quarterbacks probably will be the Berry Brothers—Boh who will play for the Webfoots and Ken for the Spartans. They are the sons of Bob Berry Sr., who has coached Willow Glen High of San Jose to 42 consecutive victories. Both boys had a hand in fashioning that string.

• Utah State's John Ralston has been talking with President Wallace Sterling and Athletic Director Al Masters of Stanford about coaching there.

• Montreal Canadian scouts are shadowing Jack Leitch, 6-foot, 180-pound Boston College forward, one of the stars of

Boston's victory in the ECAC tournament in Madison Square Garden. Leitch, while interested in a pro hockey career, must do his military service and would like to try for the 1964 Olympic hockey team.

ONLY GAME IN TOWN

Like the pretty girl's plain sister, a newspaper editor in New York's suburban Westchester County does not normally get much attention. But it's something else when all the big-time, big-city papers are closed up because of a strike. Last week Guido Cribari, sports editor and columnist for the 10-paper Macy-Westchester chain suddenly found himself the object of an amazing amount of attention and endearment.

Since the New York dailies were closed he has been besieged by mail, by phone, by telegram at all hours of the day. He gets beautifully written copy for his column (probably turned out by top newspapermen trying to hustle eating money while the papers are closed). Restaurants call him, flatter him, beg him. Just one line in Guido's column, mentioning that Chuck Linebacker and Lefty Dingbat had dinner at so-and-so's



the other pecyem. Press agents and public relations men vie for his time. Top Hollywood agents are after him for a plug. If you can't get a line in New York, Westchester has to do.

"Mr. Cribari," began one agent. "I'll be frank with you. Today you're the most important man in the world." He was one guy who got his line in Westchester.

END



THE PACKERS, YES!

The furious perfectionists from Green Bay proved their superiority over the New York Giants on a frozen field as they won the championship for the second straight year by **TEX MAULE**

They came bundled in parkas and greatcoats and blankets and most of the 64,892 of them yelled "Beat Green Bay!" through the gelid afternoon. But in the end, making their way through the early dark and the swirling wind to the subway, they accepted a sad truth: this was still not the year.

For the truth, to New Yorkers, was just as bitter as the weather and just as evident: the Green Bay Packers are a better football team than the New York Giants. They won the NFL championship on a field better suited to ice hockey than to football. The atrocious conditions, however, had nothing much to do with the 16-7 score. In balmy weather the Packers might have won by a far healthier margin.

This is not to take anything away from the Giants. Shortly after the game had ended, Kyle Rote, the Giant offensive backfield coach who last year was New York's flanker back, said sadly, "I never before saw a team that tried so hard and lost."

He was right. This Giant team played superb football, but it made three mistakes. The first, an intercepted pass, almost resulted in a field goal. The next, a fumble in the second quarter, eventually led to the Packers' only touchdown of the ball game, a beautiful run by Fullback Jim Taylor, who stepped over and through a clutter of Giants to score from the seven standing up. Another fumble in the third quarter was converted by the Packers into a field goal. Green Bay, of course, played superb football, too, and it was guilty of only one egregious error—a blocked kick that gave the Giants their lone score of the day.

The two teams entered the game with oddly different

attitudes. The Giants, still sensitive to the humiliation of their 37-0 defeat in Green Bay last year, played with fiery determination. The Packers, who went through the last three weeks of the season a tired, sleepwalking team, only began to come alive in the last four workouts before the championship game. But by the time they took the bus from the Hotel Manhattan to Yankee Stadium for the showdown, they were imbued with a furious professional determination to prove that the licking they had given the Giants a year ago was no fluke.

"We're a better ball club," said Hank Gremminger, one of the Packer safety men. "Look. It's cold as hell here right now. But my hands are sweating. I guess I'm like the rest of the guys. We're better. We'll show them. We're tired of reading about how they had an off day against us. I hope they have a real good day today."

The Giants did have a good day. Both teams were meticulously scouted. Long before the kickoff, Phil Bengtson, the defensive coach of the Packers, had a clear picture of the pattern of Quarterback Y. A. Tittle's play-calling. So, for that matter, did the Giant defensive coaches have a good idea of the plays Bart Starr likes to use under all conceivable circumstances.

The night before the game Bengtson, a tall, slim, dark man who is the genius of the Packer defense and who calls all the Packer defensive alignments from the sidelines, went over Tittle's preferences. The scene was Head Coach Vince Lombardi's "Five Thirty Club," which is not so much a club as an informal gathering of Packer friends, assistant coaches and wives for a convivial hour before dinner in Lombardi's hotel suite when the team is traveling. Quietly, under the hum of conversation,

continued

Unceasing like a steel spring, Green Bay's incomparable fullback, Jim Taylor, begins one of the jolting runs that animated the Packer offense

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DOUGS JR. AND NEIL LEIFER



Running with intercepted Giant pass.

PACKERS, YES!

Bengtson said, "Title likes to throw on first down on the first series he calls. If the game is even, on the series after the first one, he is more apt to run. If he calls a running play and it gains, say, six or seven yards, he likes to come back with exactly the same play. If the first running play doesn't gain, you figure the first call a run, the next two passes.

"If he's got third and long yardage for a first down, he's more likely to throw to Frank Gifford or Joe Walton than he is to Del Shofner. He likes Shofner for the bomb—the long pass for a touchdown."

He stopped for a moment to collect his thoughts.

"Alex Webster's caught what? Forty-seven passes this year? And gained about 470 yards. That's because Title likes to keep him for a safety valve. He always knows where Webster will be. He'll keep Phil King in to block for him, then if everyone is covered, he'll look for Webster for the outlet. He hits Webster short behind the line. Shofner has caught only six more passes than Webster, but I'll bet he's gained twice as many yards, because Y.A. hits him deep." (Shofner caught 53 passes during the past season, gained 1,133 yards, and Webster

did, in fact, catch 47, but gained only 477 yards.)

"He uses Webster for the tough yards, say, third and three or four," Bengtson went on. "We know that. It helps to know."

The Green Bay offense, just as carefully planned, was changed radically by the weather. Bart Starr, who must surely be the most underrated quarterback in football, had looked forward to a wide-open, gambling game. "We were too cautious late in the season," he said, after Green Bay had won. "But this is the one you point for all the way. In this one you should throw caution to the winds and go for the big one every time you think it's there. But you couldn't in this weather. They didn't have any surprises for us early in the game. They blitzed a lot in the beginning, but everyone has blitzed a lot since the Thanksgiving Day game in Detroit and we were looking for it and we picked it up real good. But you couldn't take chances in that wind. You couldn't throw long because you weren't sure where the ball would go. We figured that the reverse, with Paul Hornung throwing, would go, but that's a pretty long pass, too, and he had to run most of the time when we

continued

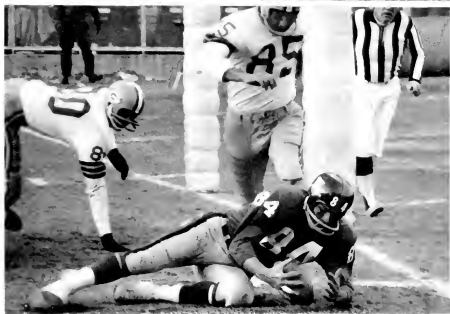


Ball-strong Ray Nitschke (66), voted the most valuable player in the game, meets Alex Webster head on to stop New York power attack



Pecker Linebacker Dan Curtis (58) has a free route to a touchdown but, crippled by a bad knee, he fails as Jesse Whittenan (47) reaps alongside





called that. So the whole pattern of the offense was changed by the weather—mostly the wind."

For all the troubles the Packers had with the weather, the Giants had more. The gusty, fateful winds took away entirely one of the big guns of the New York attack—the long pass from Tittle to Shofner. Jesse Whittenon, the Green Bay defensive back who has done so well against Shofner in previous games, hurt himself early in this game, and Tittle been able to throw long, Shofner might have been able to get away for a touchdown or two.

"I hustled up my ribs in the first quarter," Whittenon said after the game. "King had the ball on a sweep or a screen—I don't remember which—and I came up and got it in the side. I had figured to play Del tight, but after that I had to drop off him because I couldn't move around as good as usual. I had to give him the short one and I'm glad they couldn't throw the long one."

Shofner, as a result, had the best day he's had against Whittenon, his roommate when both were with the Los Angeles Rams. But it was not a good Shofner day—five passes caught, none of them behind Whittenon, for only 69 yards.

Whittenon's injury was one of several minor hurts that marked one of the most violent of all NFL championship games. Taylor, the Packers' wondrous fullback, was hit head on so enthusiastically early in the first quarter that he bit his tongue and for the rest of the game swallowed blood. This did not, as with less extraordinary men, curtail Taylor's talent for conversation. He is one of the most talkative as well as one of the most explosive backs in the game.

"He's a lippy guy," said Tom Scott, a Giant linebacker. "He takes it as a personal insult if you tackle him. He thinks the guy who hit him has challenged him and he just lets you know that the next time you try to stop him, he's going to make it hurt you."

Another injury, this one not incurred in the game, may have prevented a Packers touchdown late in the first quarter. After the Giants had moved down to the Packer 16 on one of their three offen-

sive penetrations of the Packer 20-yard line during the afternoon, Ray Nitschke, coming in hard from his middle-line-backer position to harass Tittle, lifted an arm and deflected a pass which was pecked off by Dan Currie, the Packers' left linebacker.

Currie started up field with an open route to the Giant goal and a covey of blockers. He ran well for some 30 yards, then began to stumble and meander like a drunken elephant and finally fell on the Packer 40-yard line with no enemy within shouting distance of him.

Currie was blocked two months ago by Tommy McDonald of the Eagles and his left knee was severely damaged. When that happened, he lay on the ground and alternately cursed McDonald and howled, "I'm finished!" He was not luckily for the Packers finished. But the knee is only good for some 30 yards of all-out running, after that it begins to give way.

"It started to wobble and I was wearing ripple-sole shoes and I couldn't keep my feet," Currie said. "If it had been a warm day and I'd had on cleats, I might have made it."

Green Bay's Nitschke, who recovered two fumbles in addition to deflecting Tittle's pass and was named the game's most valuable player, might have added an intercepted pass to his depredations on the Giants were it not for the cold. In the fourth period, with the Giants behind by nine points and driving forlornly for a meaningless touchdown, Nitschke dropped back to cover against the certain pass in a defense the Packers call the four-four walkaway—a defense designed purely to insure against a long throw for a touchdown. He leaped high and seemed to have a Tittle pass in his hands for an easy interception. Then he lost it. "My hands were so numb I couldn't feel the ball," Nitschke said later. "I should have had that one. On a warm day I would have."

One of those small things, seemingly of no consequence but which sometimes change the complexion of a football game, may have affected Nitschke's play on Sunday. Early in the week a story, probably apocryphal, certainly nobody seems to know where it came from or

continues

Love score for Giants was credited to defense when Erich Barnes (#8) blocked Max McGee's punt near goal and Giant rookie Jim Collier (#84) pounced on the ball, then stretched into the end zone for touchdown.

who wrote it—quoted Sam Huff, the Giant middle linebacker, as saying that Nitschke might, someday, be a pretty good middle linebacker if he ever got good coaching. Twisted unmercifully by his teammates, Nitschke set out to prove that he was, indeed, a good man on defense. He was a better one than Sam Huff in this game.

The Giant offense has not, in two championship games, scored on the Green Bay defense. The seven points the Giants got Sunday were scored by their special punt return unit. Erich Barnes, a marvelously quick defensive back, rushed in from the left side of the Giant line to block a kick by Green Bay's Max McGee. It was recovered for a touchdown by Jim Collier, an anonymous member of the club who performs only on special units.

"It was dangerous," Barnes said later. "When I go in like that, I'm exposing my area to a pass. [Most unlikely, since the Packers were punting from deep within their own territory.] If I block it, I'm golden. If they fake and pass well, I'd rather not discuss that possibility. It's a judgment thing and you have to decide quickly. I saw Lew Carpenter line up tight and I felt I could go. No one touched me. It was that simple. I just ran in and blocked it. But I could have been hurt." If he hadn't charged, New York would have gone blank.

Even so, this game was nothing like the 37-0 rout last year in Green Bay. "Our defensive line," said Rosey Grier, the massive Giant tackle, "made a much-improved stand because we knew their offense the second time around. They don't do anything any different from anyone else in the league but they do it so well. They execute so much better than any club in the league. They'll run a play through the same hole four or five different ways with that many different blocking angles. I changed up from last year. I used to look at their backs and key on them and I was chasing all around after the fakes. This time I concentrated on the linemen in front of me and I was in better position. When they came back with the counters, all I had to do was reach out an arm. When Taylor cut back, there we were in a nice tight bunch to fall on him."

Taylor, speaking with difficulty because of his cut-up tongue and mouth, agreed. He hobbled painfully out of the shower in the Green Bay dressing room.

"This was the toughest," he said. "I can't remember getting hit as hard before. They came to play."

Bill Quinlan, the fine Green Bay defensive end, thought it was a tough game, too. Long after play had ended, he sat shivering in front of his locker in the dressing room. A well-wisher tenderly pulled a bandage from his right shoulder while Quinlan, who played with reckless abandon, winced and complained. "I never played under worse conditions," he said. "The wind cut you in two. And they came at us all day." The Giants had, certainly, come at Quinlan with a vengeance. They seemed to be taking a leaf from Lombardi's book: "Beat your opponent where he is strongest and you demoralize him."

Partly because of the weather and often because Coach Alie Sherman and his players wanted to prove that they could whip the Packers where the Packers are best, the Giants ran against the right side of the Packer line—Henry Jordan at right tackle and Quinlan at right end. It was the Giants' misfortune that they did not succeed. Jordan and Quinlan played heroically, and the Packer linebackers—Nitschke, Currie and Bill Forester—were, as they have been all year, the best in the league.

Rote pointed that out. "The Packers won because they have a fine offense and a great line," he said. "But most of all, they have three magnificent linebackers. When Tittle seemed to have them safely committed in one direction, they still were able to adjust and come back to break up the play."

"The backers and the line even made Y. A. change his delivery," said Sherman. "They are so tall they obscured Tittle's targets and blocked the path of the ball. Y. A. had to change to a side-arm delivery and that hurt his accuracy."

After everyone else had gone home, Alie Sherman said his farewell.

"They gave everything they had," he said. "We weren't humiliated. There was no humiliation this year."

There wasn't. The Giants were good. Green Bay simply was better. **END**

In the cold, floodlit brilliance of Yankee Stadium, normally impressive Packer Coach Vince Lombardi smiles in triumph as his team wins again.







SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: TERRY BAKER

'He called upon himself to
transmute peril into triumph'

'A genus that had seemed on its way to becoming
as extinct an American joy as the rumble seat'

On an Arctic Saturday afternoon in December of this past year the Oregon State football team was playing Villanova in the Liberty Bowl in Philadelphia, one of the first of the intercollegiate bowl games that proliferate around the country at the end of each autumn. The game was scarcely five minutes old when Oregon State found itself in possession of the ball a mere 99-44/100 yards away from the opponent's goal line. At that moment Terry Baker, the Oregon State quarterback (see cover), did exactly what he had done whenever his team had been in trouble during the three years of his varsity football career. Like a James Bond in shoulder pads, he called on himself to transmute imminent peril into triumph.

Baker—all 6 feet 3 of him, a skinny geometry of knees and elbows—loped from the huddle to his quarterback station behind the center and bent down to receive the ball. The Villanova line tensely crouched to spring on Baker behind his own goal line for a two-point safety. When the ball was snapped, he casually tucked it into the crook of his left arm and ambled in long-legged strides across the frozen turf toward the sidelines. With the help of some furious blocking by his teammates, Baker escaped from the grasping arms of two Villanova tacklers, emerged from the end zone, shook off another tackler and ran the full length of the field for a touchdown. It turned out to be the only score of the game and, typically, it was this performance of Baker's in the face of disaster that brought a 6-0 victory to his team.

By ALFRED WRIGHT

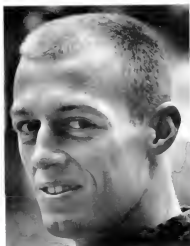
'The first college football player in all the years
of the game to be so unanimously decorated'

'An amazing athlete . . . a tremendous runner
. . . intelligent . . . and an outstanding leader'

Thinking back over the last 12 months, one is impressed by the fact that 1962 produced no pioneers of sport, no revolutionists. There was no Roger Bannister to demonstrate that man is an animal without limitations. There was no Jackie Robinson to make a social weapon out of sport. There was no Babe Ruth or Red Grange to launch into outer space the imaginations of narcissistic youth or earth-bound middle age. It was a sporting year that retrenched and entrenched the established skills.

The men of sport who left the biggest mark on 1962 were the perfectionists. There was Emil (Bus) Mosbacher, the 40-year-old yachtsman whose passionate devotion to detail preserved the America's Cup from the 18th foreign challenge (Australian rather than British, for a change) and thereby confirmed that in heavyweight yachting the nation's prestige was still intact (see page 22). There was Sonny Liston, a man of dubious background but indubitable fists, who easily and quickly lifted the heavyweight boxing championship from Floyd Patterson's neurotic shoulders. There was Maury Wills, the spidery and determined shortstop of the Los Angeles Dodgers, who stole 104 bases in a season and, in doing so, demonstrated that baseball can still be the game of thrilling inches that it was in the days when Ty Cobb was wowing Wills's grandparents and their generation. There was Bart Starr, the intellectual and imperturbable professional quarterback, who led the apparently insuperable Green Bay Packers to their second consecutive National Football League championship, a summit

(continued)



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (continued)

from which no one seems likely to dislodge them. And finally there was Jim Beatty, the middle-distance genius who proved—with a world record in the two miles and the world's first sub-four-minute mile indoors—that with the right training Americans can win races longer than the dashes.

But 1962 also produced another kind of sportsman, a genius that had seemed on its way to becoming as extinct as American joy as the rumble seat and the ukulele; namely, the college football hero. Such was Terry Baker. In an era when the celebrated college athlete is turning into a special kind of mercenary, living and competing in a culture apart from that of the ordinary undergraduate, it is fitting that Baker, a throwback to an epoch in which the likes of Barry Wood and Byron (Whizzer) White inspired the undergraduates at Harvard and Colorado, should emerge from a bucolic campus deep in the forests of the Northwest, where the simple virtues of small-town American life are still held in high esteem.

As a climax to the regular 1962 season, when Baker broke virtually every important Oregon State football record and led the nation in individual offense, he guided his team to a last-minute, come-from-behind 20-17 victory over the University of Oregon, State's traditional rival. After the final gun, Baker's teammates hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him off the field in triumph, almost as if he were a coach. "In all my years of football," said Tommy Prothro, the 42-year-old head coach of football at Oregon State, "I have never seen the players do that to one of their teammates."

One morning some 10 days later Dr. James Jensen, the president of Oregon State, was looking out the window of his office, watching the students who were hurrying this way and that across the sylvan campus. "I look at them," he said to a visitor. "They're a quiet, very well-behaved group, and they don't demonstrate the way students do on many campuses. On the Monday morning after the Oregon game—we call it the civil war—they were going to their classes just as they are today. But there was a difference, because they were all so proud of Terry. He's one of them in every way. That's because Terry is always the first to realize he is just one of a group."

Approximately 15,000 young Americans win a varsity letter playing intercollegiate football each fall. Of these, about three dozen are named to at least one of the most widely recognized All-America selections. Baker was named to all of them (see box page 21). Eight players who are in their senior year are given \$500 scholarships for postgraduate work because they are considered the outstanding scholar-athletes by the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame. One wins the Maxwell Award and one wins the Heisman Award, each of which is its donor's designation of the best college football player of the year. Baker won all of these honors this past fall and is the first football player in all the years of the game to be so unanimously decorated.

Naturally enough, he was the first draft choice of the pros when the college players were put on the block in December. Although the Los Angeles Rams, who chose him, already had three quarterbacks on their squad, they had a



simple explanation for why they selected Terry. "Baker is so outstanding we couldn't afford not to take him," said Elroy Hirsch, the Rams' general manager.

But Terry Baker's 1962 achievements went well beyond football. Last winter and spring he played guard superbly on Oregon State's fine basketball team and helped drive it to the semifinals of the NCAA western regional championships. After the tournament was over, he was selected as one of the two best guards in the western region.

Throughout the college year of 1961-62 Baker also served as president of the Oregon State chapter of his Phi Delta Theta fraternity, and during the summer he was chosen as the outstanding undergraduate in the national fraternity. Meanwhile, Baker was majoring in mechanical engineering, one of the most demanding courses in the Oregon State curriculum. In it he maintained a grade average of 3.04, which is between a B and an A and not far short of Phi Beta Kappa standards.

A few days after the final football game against Oregon, Baker flew across the country to New York City to accept some of the cornucopia of awards awaiting him at banquets and television shows and do a bit of twirling at a nightclub called the Roundtable. After six frantic days he flew back to Corvallis on a Friday night, arriving in time for a late-afternoon football practice in preparation for the Liberty Bowl. For the next five days he practiced more football



Scholar Terry Baker studies *scholarship* with his wife, Marilyn Davis, daughter of a wealthy southern California industrialist.

while studying for and taking his final exams for the fall semester. On Thursday, Dec. 13, he flew to Philadelphia with the team for the Liberty Bowl game, which was played on Saturday afternoon. That night he flew back to Portland, drove the 90 miles to Corvallis with his mother and brothers, arriving in time for some Sunday basketball practice, his first of the season. The following Wednesday he flew all day with the basketball team to Lexington, Ky., for the University of Kentucky Invitational Tournament, and on Friday night he played his first basketball game of the season against West Virginia. Oregon State lost that game 70-65, but Baker's 15 points led State's scoring. The next night his 14 points fired the team to a 61-55 victory over Iowa, and Baker was voted one of the two best guards in the tournament.

Through no fault of Baker's, the superlatives fly so thick and fast around his long, narrow, crew-cropped head that they tend to become worn and tedious. Hence, it is a pleasant discovery to learn that Terry Baker is an exceptionally warm and personable young man, full of the uncertainties of everyday youth, anxious to please and apparently grateful for small favors.

Above all, Baker is a 190-pound bundle of curiosity.

There is a pleasant, unhurried boyishness in the way he talks, but, inside their deep sockets, his light gray eyes are always darting back and forth, searching and probing for the answers he doesn't always get. "He'll ask you more questions than you can ever ask him," is the first thing a reporter is told before he meets Baker. "I'll never forget," recalls John Eggers, the Oregon State publicist who has done so much to project Baker's reputation beyond the confines of the Northwest, "the first time I had to interview Terry when he was a freshman I'd hardly had time to ask him where he was born and how old he was before he started firing questions at me. He wanted to know all about my job, how I did my work, how much time it took, everything. He was interviewing me."

There was nothing in Baker's background that foretold the kind of young man he would turn out to be. His father, Max Baker, and his mother, the former Laura White, both came from the iron-range country of northern Minnesota, and when Terry Wayne Baker was born on May 5, 1941 the family was living on a small farm outside Pine River. Max Baker had been an athlete of sorts in high school, but even in the backwaters of Minnesota he inspired no headlines.

There was a thin strain of Indian blood in Baker's veins, a fact that stuck in young Terry's sponge-like brain. When Baker enrolled at Oregon State he listed his nationality as "Indian," but the entry went unnoticed until a few weeks ago when its revelation caused a small swerve among some of his coaches and friends. Asked about it, Baker looked dumfounded. "Gee, did I do that?" he asked. "Well it's true my dad's family does have a little Indian blood, but it's nothing much. I must have just put it down as a gag."

When Baker was only 9 months old, the family, which included two older brothers—Richard and Gary, now 28 and 23 respectively—moved to Santa Monica, Calif., and a couple of years later moved again to Portland, Ore. Soon after the war was over Max Baker left home for good, and after Laura Baker divorced him in 1948 he was scarcely heard from again.

In fact, Terry saw his father for the first time in many years during the half time of a football game against Washington State in 1960. As Terry was leaving the field a man came down from the stands to speak to him. The conversation between father and son was brief and abrupt. During the second half Baker's performance on the field fell well below par, and Coach Prothro removed him from the game, not realizing what might have been bothering the boy. A year ago last Christmas, Terry received a watch from his father in the mail, but after thinking it over he returned it. "I thought it would have been better if he had spent the money on us when we really needed it," Baker explained later with characteristic frankness. "When I was 8 I nearly died from a ruptured appendix, and my mother had to take care of all the medical expenses without any help from my father. I wanted him to know now how I felt toward him."

Laura Baker, a small, slight lady of 47 with reddish hair, supported her sons by working first in one of Portland's large chain stores, then for the Owl Drug Co. and finally,

a continued

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR Continued

since 1955, for Sears, Roebuck. Richard, the oldest boy, was on the scholarly side. He became an electronics engineer and is now taking a master's degree in mathematics. As introverted and shy as Terry is extroverted and gregarious, Richard had an important effect on his youngest brother. "It was Richard who got Terry to do his homework," Mrs. Baker says. "Terry would always listen to him."

Gary and Terry, only two years apart, were inseparable and spent most of their spare time playing games at Peninsula Park, near the family's neat, white, three-room frame bungalow in north Portland. Gary preceded Terry to Oregon State, where he played varsity baseball, and after a brief fling at minor league ball in Raleigh, N.C. and Santa Barbara he has recently married and settled down to a business career in Portland.

All through his 12 years at the Ockley Green grade school and Jefferson High School, schools which 27 years earlier had produced Stanford All-America Bobby Grayson, young Baker was full of promise. "I remember the first time Terry ever played in a varsity basketball game in high school," brother Gary reminisces. "I was a senior and Terry was a sophomore. We were playing Lincoln High, and our regular guard, Ron Langos, fouled out. Terry replaced him, and the game went into sudden-death overtime. I came down the court with the ball and was just about set to shoot when I saw Terry and passed over to him. He shot with about three guys hanging on him, and the ball went in the basket. It was the first time he ever played in a varsity sport at Jefferson. It was his first shot and his first basket, and it won the game."

From that point on Terry never stopped. He just kept right on going—into baseball and then into football. He was a great competitor. Terry has a touch. He can do things out there. He can visualize things that other players can't. He thinks a lot quicker than the average person."

Gary Baker particularly remembers how hard his brother Terry used to work for perfection. "He didn't just go over there to Peninsula Park for exercise, you know. He would work on one specific thing every weekend. He'd master it and then he'd go on to something else. He actually used to have a system worked out. He would try to master one thing a week. At the end of the year he would have mastered 52 things."

"Take his left-handed hook shot. He'd work on it the entire weekend. He'd get it down good, and then he'd go on to something else."

Thanks in large part to Terry Baker, Jefferson High School dominated adolescent athletics in the state of Oregon. Baker was all-city and all-state in football, basketball and baseball in his senior year at Jefferson, and the school won the city title in all three sports, the state title in two. "Every major West Coast college, most of the Ivy League and at least three Southwest Conference schools were after Terry," says Tom DeSylvia, the Jefferson football coach, who was as close to Baker as any of his elders. "Every time I looked up, there was another college coach coming down

the hall wanting me to get Terry out of class so he could talk to him. I had more free dinners in Terry's senior year than I've had in any other 10 years. Pepper Rodgers, of the Air Force Academy, was around so much I thought he was one of our staff."

In the end, however, it was Amory (Slats) Gill, who has been the Oregon State basketball coach for 35 years, who persuaded Baker to enroll at Corvallis.

"His brother Gary was in school here by then," Gill recalls, "and that was an influence. Terry had always been a believer in our basketball program, since he'd been coming to games here for three years. He wanted engineering, and that was available here. I think he was impressed, too, with our approach. When I told him I couldn't promise him a starting spot, that he'd have to come out and earn it, Terry said, 'You know the trouble with you, coach? You're too honest.'"

"I remember saying then, before I ever knew he'd make it in college athletics, that he was the most personable high school senior I had ever met."

Coach Prothro and the Oregon State football department weren't too impressed with Baker as a prospect, however. "I wasn't too sure he liked contact," Prothro has since explained, "although I had to change my mind after watching Terry play in a high school all-star game the summer before he entered college." In those days Prothro taught the head-banging single-wing football he had learned as an assistant to Red Sanders at Vanderbilt and UCLA, and what he wanted was rough, tough blockers and runners rather than deft and artful T quarterbacks. "Terry had never run with the ball before he came here," Prothro observes as he looks back on the situation. "Everyone told him he couldn't play single wing—everyone but us, that is. We told him he could. At first he didn't believe us, and he didn't play freshman football."

Instead, Baker decided to concentrate on basketball in his freshman year. He was the team's high scorer with an average of 17.8 points per game. That spring he went out for baseball. "It was the worst spring we ever had," Baker remembers. "It rained all the time and we couldn't get a game in. About halfway through the season, spring football practice began, so I decided to give it a try."

"After the first three days that Terry was out for football that spring," Slats Gill recalls, "I asked the coaches about him. They said no he wouldn't make it. Three days later they said yes."

During Baker's sophomore year, when he alternated with a well-known senior at the unfamiliar position of single-wing tailback, he set a new Oregon State record for total offense—about half of it running and half passing—and finished sixth among major college players throughout the entire U.S. It was then that Coach Prothro decided to convert to T-formation football to take full advantage of Baker's unusual talents.

The conversion was not an instant success. Baker's statistical table ceased to escalate as Oregon State plodded and stumbled through a humdrum 5-5 season. "We had no

TERRY BAKER'S 1962 HONORS

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

HIFSMAN AWARD

MANVIER AWARD

FOOTBALL THE OREGONIAN RECORD-ALBUQUERQUE

PLAYER OF THE YEAR AP, LPL, SPORTING NEWS

BACK-40 THE YEAR AP, LPL, WASHINGTON THE EVENING STAR

REGIONAL AWARDS

ON MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

ALL PACIFIC COAST, AP AND LPL

ALL WESTERN REGIONAL

BASKETBALL, AP

ALL-OPPOSITE TEAMS

WASHINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA, OREGON

ALL-AMERICAN

FOOTBALL COACHES ASSOCIATION

FOOTBALL WRITERS ASSOCIATION

SPORTING NEWS

SEA (CAPTAINS)

TIME

ADVERTISED PRIZE

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

CRISIS

FOOTBALL NEWS

WALLINGTON RATING SYSTEM

ACADEMIC

PEPPER'S MICHIGAN STATE NEWSPAPER

ALL-AMERICAN

other quarterback," says Prothro, "so we couldn't risk letting Terry run with the ball as much as we would have liked. Without the threat of the option, he wasn't as effective as he could have been." Nonetheless, Baker's total offensive yardage of 1,230 placed him 11th in the national rankings.

The basketball season was a partial palliative. With a 7-foot sophomore named Mel Counts to dip the ball into the basket, Oregon State became one of the best teams in the Far West, and Baker was the spark that urged it on. "It's his passing, his maneuverability and the way he directs our offense that are his strong points," says John Eggars. "We call him our quarterback. Counts clears the ball off the backboards, passes it right to Baker, and Terry takes it down the court. He's not a good outside shot, but he's a great playmaker, and he drives in under the basket very well. He's the kind of player who can make a college team go, and he always comes up with the big play when you need it."

One of Baker's most remarkable attributes is the speed with which he can adapt from football to basketball, a process that generally takes an athlete as long as three weeks because of the completely different set of leg muscles that are required for the game. Baker, as he proved after the Liberty Bowl game, can make the switch in a week or less.

Still, it is football that Baker plays best. During this past season, when he passed for a total of 1,738 yards and ran for another 538, his total offensive record beat the runner-up, Eldon Fortie of Brigham Young, by the length of more than three football fields.

"I couldn't have done it," Baker said generously, "without Vern Burke, our new left end. He was one of the best ends in the nation—had the most receptions for the most yards. They used to call us the B-B Boys. You ought to see him. He stands 6 feet 4 and weighs 225."

Because Oregon State this year had two sophomore quarterbacks who were capable of relieving Baker, Coach Prothro designed most of his plays as roll-outs in which Baker

might either pass or run, and opponents could never be sure which he would do. As it turned out, the substitutes weren't needed, for Baker is an amazingly durable athlete with legs like a six-day bicycle rider. "From the waist up he looks like a literary student," Coach Prothro once said, "but he has the perfect build for football." When Baker is carrying the ball, unlike most T quarterbacks, he never hesitates to barrel into the most awesome tangle of hodies if it will get him a few extra yards. Yet his only injury in three years of play was a slight bruise on the point of his right shoulder in that final cliffhanger against Oregon.

The Los Angeles Rams' scouting report gave Baker the highest rating there is for a college prospect. One of their scouts put it this way, "An amazing athlete, excellent passer either short or long. Throws well under pressure, concentrating on the receiver rather than the rush. A tremendous runner whose speed has improved with his passing each year. Very intelligent, very good signal-caller and an outstanding leader."

The future for Terry Baker is full of exciting promise. As a professional football player he will have plenty of money for the first time in his life, and he intends to use part of it to retire his mother to a life of leisure. With his excellent scholastic record as an undergraduate, he is all but assured of getting into any postgraduate school he should choose.

"I don't intend to stay in football all my life," he said to a friend the other day. "I look at pro football as a means to an end. I'm definitely going to graduate school to study either medicine or business, but I haven't decided which. What do you think I ought to do? I sat next to Attorney General Kennedy at the Hersman Award dinner and talked to him for almost three hours, and he said he thought I ought to go to Harvard Business School. That's the best, isn't it? I think maybe that's what I ought to do. What do you think?"

Among all his other considerations, Baker can't rule out entirely the one of marriage. "Do you remember the girl I was going out with when I was your last year?" he asked during his visit to New York a few weeks ago. A big happy grin crossed his face, and he said, "Well, I'm still going with her."

The girl's name is Marilyn Davis, and she is an Oregon State sophomore, aged 19, whose father operates a successful paper box factory in Long Beach, Calif. and lives with his family in the posh Corona Del Mar neighborhood of Newport Beach. There are those who think Marilyn's father would like to have Baker come into business with him as a son-in-law, and perhaps that might be in the future, although Baker is not likely to be anyone's man but his own.

Coach Prothro, who is now as close to Baker as any of the older men who have been a part of his life, best summed up the feeling that most people have about his star back, "I'd probably have never known him if he hadn't been a football player," Prothro said, "but if he hadn't been a football player and I'd known him, I'd still think he was one of the most unusual boys I'd ever known—if not the most unusual."

END

Vintage Year for Champions



In 1962 the races were mainly to the swift—the Yankees, the Celtics, Bill Hartack at the Derby. Often the margin was slim, as when Skipper Bus Mosbacher took 'Weatherly' (left) around the first buoy in the America's Cup and found 'Gretel,' the Australian challenger, within striking distance. It was even tighter as Willie Mays of the San Francisco Giants lashed out (next page) to help win a melodramatic pennant playoff against the Dodgers—and tighter still when the Giants lost in the subsequent seven-game World Series. On succeeding pages are some of the champions—and the gallant runners-up who helped create the other decisive moments in sport in 1962









'Australians everywhere stand 10 feet tall'



"GRIFFIN" SKIPPER DOCK STURROCK, OWNER SIR FRANK PACKER, CO-SKIPPER ARCHIE ROBERTSON MADE THE TRY

MURRAY ROSE WON FOUR GOLD MEDALS AT EMPIRE GAMES

Australian sportsman, always a bold and fast bowler, held an extra measure of pride for their achievements in 1962. Rod Laver, the nimble left-hander, became the first to win the Grand Slam of tennis—U.S., French, Australian and Wimbledon titles—since Don Budge did it in 1938, the year Laver was born. In the Empire Games in Perth, Murray Rose and Dawn Fraser won four gold medals apiece, to give their country's victory. Rose, at 24 the grand old man of swimming, set four world records during 1962. Dawn set four, too, and became the only woman to swim 100 meters in less than a minute. Although Gireel was beaten in the America's Cup series, the courageous performance of both ship and crew—highlighted by a victory in the second race—started one Aussie to comment: "Australians everywhere stand 10 feet tall today."

ROD LAVER TOOK TENNIS' GRAND SLAM



'A little extra . . .

"If you put in a little extra," says Munn 18 yrs., "sometimes you get something wonderful back." In 1962 the Dodger shortstop gave it something extra, stole 104 bases to break Ty Cobb's record and was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player. Young (22) Jack Nicklaus also pushed himself to new prominence in 1962. He began the year, hot first as a pro, by finishing 50th and winning \$33,333 in the Los Angeles Open. He wound up winning the U.S. Open and amassing \$113,000 in prize money. Another champion on the rise was Roger Penske, 25, whose four straight sports car races at year's end included a record-breaking victory in the Nissan Trophy Race. Lightest (he weighs 98 pounds) of the athletes was Jackie Reneau Ferraro, 19, who as an apprentice rode 345 winners to knock down the national championship.

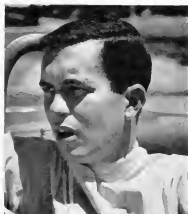


U.S. OPEN CHAMPION JACK NICKLAUS

gets something wonderful back'



TOP JOCKEY RONNIE FERRARO



SPORTS CAR KING ROGER PENSKE



MAURY WILLS STEALS 102ND BASE AS SHORTSTOP JOSE PAGAN AWAITS BALL

Continued



© 1982 by Time Inc. Magazine



'Now I can
jump 7½ feet.
That's all'

Valeri Brumel has jubilation in the high-jump pit at Moscow's Lenin Stadium. It is Sept. 29, 1982 and he has just cleared 7 feet 5¼ inches to break the world record he set in the U.S. two months earlier. Brumel covers his eyes, fearful that the crossbar may yet fall, but the crowd's great shout tells him he made it. "I felt the stadium took it to heart as I did," Brumel said. "When I was 12," he has said, "I started out by jumping four feet. Now I can jump 7½ feet. That's all."

Along with Brumel's feats, Russia got memorable 1982 victories from Vyacheslav Ivanov, who won the single scull at the world championships, from Shotgunner Tatyana Presa, Broad Jumper Tatyana Shchelkanova and Javelin Thrower Elvira Ozolova, who led the U.S.S.R. to victory in the European Games.

ENTERTAINMENT



PELÉ IS WORLD'S BEST IN SOCCER

A rare galaxy of national treasures

Edson Arantes do Nascimento, called Pelé, was declared a national treasure by Brazil; an Italian team offered \$500,000 for the soccer star, but national treasures cannot be exported. Little Pelé—he weighs 135 pounds—plays for Santos, the world champions. He has averaged a goal a game for six years, which is roughly like hitting 162 home runs per season. Karl Schranz and Marianne Jahm are also treasured, though not yet by decree. Leading Austria's resurgence in skiing, Schranz won the downhill and combined titles at the world championships, making a comeback at 23. Frankfurt Jahn took the giant and special slaloms. No less a hero was France's leading jockey, Yves Saint-Martin, who made his U.S. debut by winning the Laurel International on March 11.



KARL SCHRANZ MADE COMEBACK AT 23



MARIANNE JAHM SCORED TWICE IN CHAMONIX

JOCKEY YVES SAINT-MARTIN WON INTERNATIONAL





COLLEGE JOANNE GUNDERSON WON U.S. AMATEUR HITT

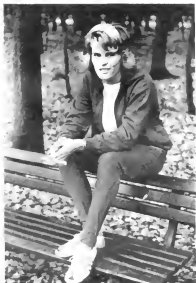
HIGH JUMPER YOLANDA BALAS HOLDS THE WORLD RECORD



CHAMPIONS

Pretty to look at and pretty darn good

JoAnne Gunderson, one of a long series of pretty girls who held major sports titles this year, seems far too things in this world: victory and apples. Fortified by the apples she picked as she passed a tree on the south lawn of the Country Club of Rochester, she won the National Amateur for the third time. "Winning builds up my ego," she said, "and it keeps me out of mischief." Two other persistent—and pretty—winners were Romania's Yolanda Balas, who has improved her world high jumping record 12 times in the past six years (it is now 6 feet 3), and blonde West German sprinter Jutta Hesse, winner of the 200-meter dash at the European Championships.



SPRINTER JUTTA HESSE SCORED IN EUROPEAN GAMES



**"NO MAN EVER
STANDS SO STRAIGHT
AS WHEN HE STOOPS
TO HELP A BOY"**

**JOIN YOUR
BIG BROTHER ASSOCIATION**



1969 Ford Mustang Coupe. Horse 325 hp, 0-60 in 6.5 sec.

When life goes stale and you feel you're building up to an explosion, this is the time to let yourself go in a sleek new Riviera.

If your common sense tells you that you don't really need a luxurious, powerful new sports coupe, tell your common sense to be quiet. "Look," you can say to yourself, "you work hard enough . . . you deserve a little fun."

After you've agreed with this undeniable truth, daydream a little. You're behind the wheel of this tailored beauty with 325 horses at your command (more than you find on Wagon Train). You ride in sleek elegance, pleasantly conscious of admiring looks. The bucket seats, the rich appointments add to your big time feeling . . . you're quite a guy . . . successful, and if you aren't exactly handsome, the

to a man
at that
dangerous
age!



car can do a lot for almost any face. Another argument (if you need one)... an imported car of this caliber would cost twice Riviera's price.

So if you're at that dangerous age, pamper yourself with a Riviera. It's an astonishing combination of classic elegance and spectacular sports car performance.

See your Buick dealer for a demonstration.



THE RIVIERA BY BUICK

America's bid for a great new international classic car



A little bit of foresight and a good open fire keep the ski wife out of the kitchen

Every skiing wife who commutes to the slopes on winter weekends has a problem—how to feed an extravagantly hungry household and its guests and still have time to ski herself. If she belongs to the growing number of families who have discovered that owning their own A-frame or chalet is the most economical way to ski regularly, she often finds the rigorous routine of weekend skiing enough to make a Sherpa blanch. After the long Friday night drive from metropolis to mountains everybody wants a Yankee-farmer-size breakfast Saturday morning—fruit juice, hot cereal, eggs, ham or bacon, hot breads, coffee, this also stokes the body's furnace for a cold and vigorous day. Lunch is more of a refueling operation at the ski cafeteria than a meal—a bowl of soup or chili, a hot dog, a cookie or fruit—so that when the sun drops over the chalet and the lifts shut down for the night the stage is set for something really hearty.

This can be the hour that the housewife dreads—but instead of being a frightful chore Saturday night's cocktails and dinner around the chalet fire can be the best part of a ski weekend. Here are some easy ways to make them so.

First come the hot hors d'oeuvres to keep the cocktails company. *Croque-monsieur* can serve here, a favorite lunchtime snack of the French that is simple and delicious: a sandwich of white bread, Swiss cheese and boiled ham, sautéed in butter on both sides until the cheese is melted and the bread golden. Quarter the sandwiches before serving. Equally hearty and easy to make are baked cheese and onion rolls. Roll out packaged refrigerated biscuits until they are flattened into 5-inch squares, then cover them with slices of Swiss cheese, Dijon mustard, a thin slice of onion. Roll them up, secure them with toothpicks and bake in a preheated 425° oven for 10 or 15 minutes.

Hot soup to start off dinner can be served either at the table or in mugs around the hearth. Easy, yet spirited, are two varieties originating in cans: green turtle soup with finely chopped sautéed mushrooms and sherry added, and cream of mushroom soup to which are added canned or frozen crabmeat and plenty of sherry.

TREATS FOR A SKI WEEKEND

For the main course, here are three dishes that can be cooking over the fire or under the broiler while housewife and guests are enjoying cocktails: *steak au poivre*, skewered lamb or beef, and grilled chicken marinated in lemon, garlic and paprika. With any of these, a green salad, French bread, fruit and wine make a meal fit for a skier's Saturday night. The lemon chicken, here photographed at the end of a day of sking at Sugarbush, Vt., can be put into its marinade when everybody—including the cook—goes off skiing in the morning, and be ready for an effortless cooking at night, when the cold wind blows, a birch fire glows and conversation and appetites grow.

—FRED R. SMITH

GRILLED CHICKEN WITH LEMON (serves 8)

4 two-pound broilers, split and flattened

Marinade:

¼ cup olive oil

¼ cup dry white wine

1½ lemons, thinly sliced

Juice of 2½ lemons

4 cloves garlic, split

1½ tablespoons Hungarian paprika

1½ teaspoons salt

Arrange chicken halves in shallow baking dish, pour the marinade over them and let them marinate in a cool place for 8 hours or longer. Discard the lemon slices. Cook the chickens for 15 minutes each side on the grill or in a broiler preheated to 550°, basting frequently with the marinade. Serve with a garnish of lemon slices, their edges rolled in paprika.



THE ABCs OF SQUASH RACQUETS

**BY AL MOLLOY JR.
AND REX LARDNER**

Drawings by Frank Molloy

Squash racquets, commonly called squash, is difficult to master but easy to learn, and it offers rare opportunity for exercise and enjoyment to all players right down to the duffer level. On these pages, the University of Pennsylvania's Al Molloy, one of the nation's top teaching pros, offers beginners a primer on how to play or watch squash

A SPORT FOR EVERYONE

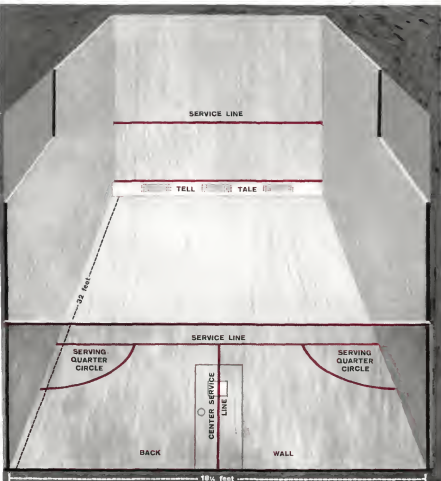
Shown below is the official design of a squash racquets court. Basically it is nothing more than a room with lines added and the top part of the back wall removed so spectators can see in. There are upward of 1,500 courts in the U.S. where businessmen play during lunch hour, suburban mothers when the housework is done, and youngsters whenever their elders leave the courts free. Part of the game's appeal is that the beginner can have as much fun swatting the ball as the expert.

The main rules are simple. To be good, a shot must hit the

front wall between the telltale (a strip of tin at the bottom of the front wall) and the top of the wall. It may hit the side walls or the back wall before reaching the front wall. The ball must be struck before it has bounced twice, but it may be struck before bouncing. Either the server or receiver may score. The winner of the point becomes the server. Except in deuce situations, a game ends at 15 points. Because of its close quarters, squash, more than any other game, breeds courtesy to one's opponent for the excellent reason that getting in his way may prove dangerous.

CONTINUED

Pool Magazine

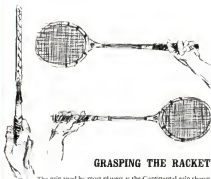


SQUASH



GETTING SET TO HIT

In squash the ball rebounds off the wall so fast that a player must be far more alert and ready to go after a return than a tennis player. Ideally, after making his own shot he should take the center of the court, placing his heels about an inch in front of the floor service line, his body facing the front wall. He should be poised on the balls of his feet. Heels are about shoulder-width apart and weight is evenly distributed on both feet. Both elbows are kept in. His racket wrist should be cocked, and he should be in a crouching position. If his opponent is about to make a return from behind, the player should not face him but should keep his back to him, turning his head and upper body slightly toward whichever side the opponent is favoring, and watching him only out of the corner of his eye. His racket head should be raised somewhat by the left hand for protection. The rules of the game and good sense both insist that the player should give his opponent all the room he needs to swing a racket in.



GRASPING THE RACKET

The grip used by most players is the Continental grip shown above. This grip allows shots to be taken on the forehand, backhand and volley without changing finger or thumb position. To assume it, a player holds the racket throat in his left hand, racket face perpendicular to the floor, and places his right hand on the handle as though about to pick up a hammer. The heel of the hand should be a little to the right of the center of the handle, with fingers spread slightly—the index finger most of all. In the final position pressure should be felt not on the palm but on three points: the inner part of the thumb, the inside of the forefinger and the heel of the hand.



HITTING THE FOREHAND



Because the swing it requires is similar to the swing of an infielder's arm when he throws a baseball from the side, the forehand is the easiest stroke to learn in squash. The beginner should practice from a closed stance—that means left side to front wall, and left foot beyond the right foot. This position insures that the racket will be drawn back in time and that the body will have pivoted sufficiently to impart power to the shot. From the ready position the player takes a step to the right with his right foot, turning his hips and shoulders to the right so that they are parallel to the right wall. As he does so, he brings his racket back, keeping his forearm parallel to the floor. His right wrist is cocked. When the racket is straight up

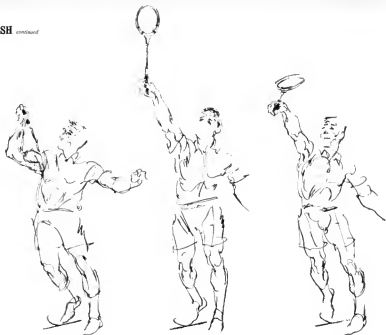
and down, with the racket head about even with the right ear, there is a momentary pause. Then the left foot moves over to the right, weight is transferred to the left leg and the right forearm moves back until it is nearly parallel to the side walls. The racket, led by the cocked wrist, now starts forward (shown above) as the hips and shoulders pivot left. Its head moves in a path parallel to the floor until it reaches a point nearly opposite the left knee. Here the wrist whips the racket through the ball in a snapping action controlled mainly by the index finger and the thumb. After hitting the ball, the player lets his arm flow into an easy follow-through and finishes the stroke in a crouched position to be ready for the next shot.



UNCOILING THE BACKHAND

For squash players the backhand is seldom the bug-aboo it is for beginning tennis players. One reason is that the squash backhand can be hit with all the power that the striker can provide and the ball will still not go out of court. As with the forehand, the closed stance is the recommended position. To hit the backhand, the player moves his left foot a step to the left, turning his shoulders and hips in the same direction. His weight is mainly on the left foot. His right wrist is cocked to the left and upward as he holds the racket shaft at about a 45° angle to the floor, racket head at about eye level. He pauses briefly, moves his right foot a step to the left, putting his weight on the right leg. His hips and shoulders are drawn farther around, his right shoulder is lowered and the racket is drawn farther back. As the powerful uncoiling process begins (shown left), hips and shoulders move forward and the cocked wrist takes the racket forward. At a point about six inches in front of the right foot the ball is struck, the wrist whipping through for extra speed. In this stroke, pressure is felt mainly on the thumb. The follow-through, as with the forehand, should find the player in a crouched position.

CONTINUED



LOB AND SLICE SERVES

The most popular serve is the lob—partly because its nearly vortical trajectory makes it difficult to return when it falls close to the side wall and partly because it can be hit with little effort. To deliver it, the player drops the ball with the left hand and the racket is brought up to meet it in an underhand motion (see *drawing page 40*). The point of aim is high up on the front wall, close to the center.

The slice serve (*right*) is most effective on courts with low ceilings and, on any court, as a change of pace. The ball is tossed up and to the right, while the racket is taken back to the right side, the racket head being raised to about shoulder height. As the ball is struck, the strings are drawn sharply across it, from right to left, imparting a vigorous spin. Aim point is just above the service line.



THE HARD SERVE

Of the three basic squash serves—lob, slice and hard—the last most nearly approximates the serve in tennis. Serving to a receiver in the right court, the player puts his right foot in the left quarter circle, his left foot outside the quarter circle and in front of the floor service line. Facing the front wall, he tosses the ball up so that it can be hit at a point above his right shoulder. At the top of the ball's trajectory, he brings the racket forward in a throwing motion. The ball should be hit flat and aimed low—as close to the front-wall service line as possible. Breaking the wrist at the ball is hit adds power. To serve to the left court, the server places his right foot inside the right quarter circle and proceeds as before. The hard serve is useful against an opponent perplexed by its speed or against a tired opponent.

To receive a serve, a player in the left court faces the side wall nearer him, heels about three inches inside the center service line, watching the server and expecting to take the serve on his backhand. In the right court, the position is similar, but the player receiving in this court will expect to take the served ball on his forehand.



BACKING ON A BACKHAND

Squash is a game of guile as well as speed, anticipation and endurance. The position of each player is constantly dependent on the position of the other. Because of the fast pace of the game, there sometimes seems to be little room for either. As shown in the sample situation above, this can often be turned to tactical advantage. The player in the white shirt has hit a bad shot that has come far off the back wall. The dark-shirted player, aware that his opponent must give him room to swing for a hard down-court shot, delays his stroke to block his opponent and force him out of position in center court, setting up an easy placement. **END**

A fast shuffle in Dixie

Well-drilled Auburn finally won the Sugar Bowl Tournament, but not before a rangy gang from Houston shook up the South

It was very nearly the most unseemly thing to happen in the South since Scarlett O'Hara dug into the ravaged earth and ate a raw radish. Auburn and Mississippi State, two of Dixie's finest basketball teams, were fully prepared to meet in the finals of the Sugar Bowl Tournament last week and give the impressive Southeastern Conference an interesting glimpse of the future. It would have been fun. Auburn has the fast shuffle, and Mississippi State has some jokers. Everybody knows that adds up to a good hand unless you have a cold deck, and that's what the University of Houston slipped into the game in New Orleans.

When it was all over, Auburn had staggered through with the most important tournament trophy Coach Joel Eaves has ever won, and was still undefeated (8-0). But hardly anyone concerned had any fingernails left, least of all Auburn rooters. Houston jolted the tournament on opening night by upsetting Mississippi State in overtime 79-76. And then the Texas team carried Auburn down to the last prayerful gasp in another overtime game before losing 71-69. With that, both teams assumed their rightful characters of the season: Houston loses the tight ones (four defeats now by a total of seven points), and Auburn, with its smooth shuffle offense, wins all kinds.

While winning the first game in New Orleans, against Xavier of Ohio, the Tigers were listless. Eaves's small team was trying to hold something back for that final against Houston. It is well it did.

Coach Guy Lewis' intruders from Texas, who are about as Texan as the Egyptian army, with 12 of the 16 players and both managers coming from out of state, outshot and outrebounded Auburn. It was only through surer ball handling, passing, and defense that Eaves's shufflers got Houston to fritter away a seven-point half-time advantage.

Oddly enough, Auburn's hero, and the player who upheld the honor of the South, was a sparkling Midwesterner, Larry Cart. A fast, bowlegged head-faker, Cart gives away his Indiana basketball training with such slick tactics as passing behind his back and shooting jump shots from the hip. He has become the quarterback of the team without really learning the shuffle. At times this makes the scholarly, white-haired Eaves sit with his face propped sadly on his hands. The success of the shuffle de-

pends to a large degree on knowing it by rote because it is a revolving, overloading attack which demands that each player do precisely one of five things (from any one of five positions) on every pass (84, Dec. 11, 1964). Cart, a transfer from last season's No. 1-rated Harris Young (Ga.) Junior College, often gets lost in the shuffle. But when he pumps in 24 points, as he did against Houston, Eaves forgives him.

Eaves gambled by using Cart, who is 5 feet 11, and his short backcourt sees in the Houston game. Thus he had what amounted to three guards most of the way, a strategy that sometimes looked like a ghastly joke as the tall Cougars controlled the rebounds.

Houston has one of the quickest centers in the country in 6-foot-7 Lyle Harger, a 26-year-old Army veteran from Lubbock, Texas. A year ago Harger was good enough to outplay Cincinnati's Paul Hogue in two personal duels, and this season he is even better. Moreover, most of last year's supporting cast, which had a good 21-6 season, is keeping him

A TRIO OF TIGERS SANDWICHES IN HOUSTON'S HARGER. BUT HE STILL GETS THE BALL.



company. Layton Johns, Auburn's line center, whose own shooting contributed in no small way to the Tigers' win, was enraptured by Harger's ability. "Once," said Johns after the final game, "I jumped as high as I could to block one of his shots, and I was still looking at his belt buckle. He's the quickest big man I have ever seen, and the best. Cotton Nash [of Kentucky] can't carry his shoes."

Bayer's plan was to keep Harger from getting the ball. He therefore sent his three guards into the front line, led by Cart, and the combination of their better outside shooting and constant harassment of Harger was the ultimate difference in the Sugar Bowl. For example, when Houston moved into a 2-1-2 zone, Cart hit with nine jump shots. And when the Cougars were man for man, Cart fed his teammates with a variety of trick passes, two of them behind his back, amid the usual ahs that accompany such sorcery.

Even so, Harger, who has heavy, black eyebrows, a dark complexion, a tattoo from his service days and the well-modulated voice of a radio-speech major, was nearly too much. He scored 24 points, hitting eight of 11 shots from the floor and going 8 for 8 at the free-throw line. With seven seconds to play in the regulation period, he stuffed in a layup with indisputable firmness, sending the game into overtime. But in those additional excruciating moments Auburn's swarming defense kept Harger from getting the ball more than twice, and that meant the game.

Colorful Babe McCarthy's Mississippi State team, the defending champions and favorites, had not been so lucky with the big Texan. They first tried to harass Harger the afternoon before the opening game with a joke. McCarthy's team is big on jokes. Mississippi State is where they put dead skunks under Adolph Rupp's chair and hang funeral wreaths on the backboard when a specially hated foe like Kentucky comes to town. In New Orleans the Maroons bought a \$23 second-hand tape recorder, and Leland Mitchell, the team's thick-legged, aggressive high scorer, was elected to become the fictitious "Dave Kinnard of WSIX" and interview some people on the phone.

Houston's Harger was resting in his room at the Jung Hotel when he lifted the phone and heard the introduction, which sounded legitimate. But he then grew quietly amused at the questions. Did he think he was going to make All-

America? Did Houston expect to have an easy time with Mississippi State?

"I didn't hear a beep," said Harger. "And when I asked 'Kinnard' what time the tape would be on the air, he said, 'About 7.' Man, there isn't a radio man anywhere who doesn't know exactly what time his show comes on." So when Mitchell asked Harger what sort of offense Houston would use against State, Lyle said, "We'll just stick it in the basket."

There could be no better description of the way Houston beat Mississippi State. Harger scored 20 points and swept the backboards. Gagster Mitchell, however, had an awful time, double-dribbling, walking, throwing the ball away and fouling out.

Just country folk

By and large, Mississippi State seemed to be suffering from a lack of incentive. The Maroons were reckless, careless and too unconcerned. They are the same outfit that ran up a 24-1 record last season, but the racial barrier prevents McCarthy's team from participating in the NCAA playoff, limiting its goals.

Auburn, on the other hand, can go to the NCAA for the first time, if it is good enough to win in the rugged SEC. "This team could be that good," said Eaves. "But we're just country people. We're awfully grateful to have been able to play in the Sugar Bowl Tournament for the first time, and even more thankful that we were lucky enough to win over a team like Houston that'll just give you a fit."

If Houston intends to keep giving everyone a fit—and bellowing for the prestige that it is hungering for as Texas' second largest university—Coach Guy Lewis believes he will have to continue his out-of-state recruiting. Aside from its golf team's series of NCAA championships, Houston's athletes have never won anything important.

"We don't have the prestige of a Southwest Conference school," Lewis explains, "so we can't get the few good boys our state produces. Besides, when we were in the Missouri Valley Conference I got tired of looking at all those fine animals everybody else had. I'm going to keep trying to get 'em where they got 'em."

As Houston's Lewis figured it last week, after running the plot of the Sugar Bowl Tournament, the best days are still ahead. Unbeaten Auburn's may be here now.

END



Remember this?

It ran in Sports Illustrated, Dec. 3rd, a day too soon to include these other fine Hask dealers. If your barber doesn't carry Hask, don't make a scene. Tell him Hask is death on dandruff. Tell him to call:

CORN: NEW HAVEN, C. A. Johnson, R.A. TAPIA, The Barber Supply; MASS: WORCESTER, William C. Stephens, Co. MAINE: PORTLAND, Eastern Barber Supply; N. J.: BERGENFIELD, Maurice Perone, N. Y.: BROOKLYN, H. & T. Barber Supply, BRYN, N. Y. & B. V. Barber Supply, Salsano Barber Supply, BUFFALO, Albi Bennett Barber Supply, NEW YORK CITY: A. Bachatz, Crest Distributors; ROCHESTER, Ulrich Barber Supply; CO. PA.: JOHNSTOWN, Marston Barber Supply, HEBBETTSVILLE, Marston Barber Supply; PHILA.: Troop Supply Co.

R.I.: JOLIET, Joliet Barber Supply; RIVERSIDE, E. W. Fritz Barber Supply; TENN.: BRISTOL, Economy Barber Supply, Irwin Barber Supply; IND.: SOUTH BEND, South Bend Barber Supply; MINN.: MINNEAPOLIS, Sager's Barber Supply; WIS.: EACING, Reliable Barber Supply.

Hask

a product of Wm. F. Hask Co., 300 N. York, N.Y.

FREE SKI GUIDE TO NEW YORK STATE

Which one of the more than 70 New York State ski centers should you visit? What are the facilities for getting to the top of a ski run? The answers to these and other questions are contained in our new free Ski Guide. Get the 1962-63 Guide and make sking in New York State your sport this winter.

New York State Dept. of Commerce,
Room 100, 312 State St., Albany, N.Y.

Please send me a free copy of the new 1962-63 New York State Ski Guide.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____



'This year is going to be a very busy time for Sonny Liston'

Jack Nilon, Sonny's outspoken manager, says the champion hopes to take on Floyd Patterson, whom he'll demolish again. Then it's Ingemar Johansson in June, and maybe even somebody else later in the year

Last week was a hectic one for Jack Nilon, manager of Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston. Nilon rang out the old year by laying plans for the new, and if all his plans come true 1963 will be a good year for boxing—and Nilon. As of now, Liston expects to defend his title twice, and there is the possibility of a third fight. "Sonny," said Nilon, "will be a fighting champion and he will defend against all comers."

The first corner probably will be Floyd Patterson in March in Baltimore. Nilon zoomed up to Brooklyn from Chester, Pa., last Thursday night to talk to Floyd, and Floyd is inclined to go along. But if he should balk, Nilon will give someone else, probably Harold Johnson, the shot. Although Nilon denies the return-bout contract with Floyd void (Liston hasn't been paid in full for the Chicago fight last September), he feels "a moral obligation" to give Floyd first crack. "I was very much impressed by Floyd," Nilon said after their meeting.

Nilon is attracted to Baltimore because of a new \$16-million civic center. "It seats approximately 15,000 people," he said. "It's the most modern in the country—the finest I've ever seen. They have a population of one million to

draw from. Washington is only 40 miles away and Philadelphia 90 miles, an hour and a half by train. I believe we'd sell out without any strain. Baltimore's a great sporting town."

Sneaking out the money

The promoter has not yet been selected, but it is likely to be Championship Sports, Inc., the outfit that is run by Roy Cohn and the Brothers Bolan, Tom and Al. Although Nilon and Liston have a long list of grievances against C.S.I., Nilon thinks it may be better to go along with them this one last time instead of getting in an involved legal battle that could kill the year.

Nilon's main complaint is that Championship Sports still owes Liston \$207,000 from the Chicago gate, which the Internal Revenue Service seized. So far, Nilon has managed to sweat \$100,000 out of Championship Sports, mainly by dint of calling Tom Bolan at odd hours to ask where the money is, but he and Sonny want the rest. To make sure that they get the rest, he has filed suit against Championship Sports, the Federal Government and Graff, Reiner & Smith, the closed-circuit TV firm. "Sonny's money is protected about as well as it could be

legally protected," said Nilon. To make sure that Sonny will get all his money in March, Nilon is demanding that Championship Sports post a bond. "There absolutely will be no fight unless Sonny Liston's money is bonded," said Nilon, "and it will have to be with a reputable bonding company. None of those fly-by-night, moonlight jobs. We wouldn't even consider fighting for Championship Sports without the bond."

Nilon's dislike of Championship Sports grew stronger after his Thursday night talk with Patterson. Said Nilon: "I asked him a direct question: 'Who is responsible for Sonny receiving only 12½% of the [Chicago] gross?' Floyd said that he merely told Championship Sports what he wanted, 55% of the ancillary rights and 45% of the live gate. But the Bolans have always said that it was Floyd Patterson who insisted that Sonny get only 12½%. It was Championship Sports' doing, but they blamed it on Floyd. And when Floyd told me this, Tom Bolan, who was in the meeting, didn't say anything. The real truth is that it wasn't Patterson that boxed Sonny, but Championship Sports."

Nilon has little respect for any of Patterson's advisers, except, oddly enough,

his manager, Cus D'Amato—who did all he could to stop Patterson from fighting Liston. "Doesn't a mother protect her children?" Nilon asked. "I think Cus D'Amato is a great manager, Cus knows. He was doing what he thought was in Floyd's best interest, and I think the fellow came up a genius. I don't bear any grudge against Cus for protecting his fighter. There isn't a man in the United States who knows more about the fight game. But it looks as if he's out. In my opinion, there are certain people who are misleading Floyd."

If Nilon has his way with the March fight, it will be on free home TV, not in theaters. "I think the world should have the opportunity to see what a great fighter Sonny really is," he said, adding, "dollarwise, I think we'd be just as well off. It would be great for the boxing business—I think the boxing business owes it to the American people. We get the World Series, football championships, everything else, so why not the heavyweight championship? The networks would go after it. If it doesn't go on home television, it will only be because of the greed of the promoters. And I'll say that to their face."

The second fight will be against Ingemar Johansson. "To be honest," Nilon said, "we want to fight Ingemar in June in Philadelphia. I think he's a good puncher, he's big and he's strong." The promoter of the fight will not be Championship Sports, but Intercontinental Promotions, a Pennsylvania corporation of which Liston is president and largest (50%) stockholder. The other stockholders are Nilon's brothers, Robert and James (45%); and the law firm of Kassab, Cherry and Cutran (the remaining 5%). (Morton Wink, Sonny's old Philadelphia lawyer, has been dismissed. Nilon won't say why, but he is obviously happy.) "I have no equity in the promotion," said Nilon. "In the state of Pennsylvania a boxer can be a promoter. The manager cannot be. It's all been checked out legally. This will be the promoting group [big smile] unless someone makes a better offer than this group can."

Nilon is undecided on a third opponent for this year. He would not commit himself other than to say he and Liston would like a third fight. Asked about Cassius Clay, Nilon laughed and said, "A great fighter."

There are two ways Sonny can miss out. One is to get in more trouble with

continued



The John Weitz look—
this tailored, well-cut swimsuit
designed for Bay Club—
in Dacron® polyester
and cotton seersucker.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.
A Division of Washington Industries

Long Beach, CA

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N.Y.



We're moving to San Francisco

We're looking forward to living in California. Naturally we're leaving North American Van Lines move us again. There was hardly any loss the last time, and we were "at home" so quickly. This move is starting out with the same North American courtesy and thorough attention to detail. And that's how it will be all the way through the move. We are so glad we chose North American.



NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

the GENTLE men of the moving industry



FOR HEAVY LOADS and RUGGED ROADS



...MONROE front & rear Load-Leveler®

STABILIZING UNITS

It's often rough-going to get where the sport is. And when your car or station wagon is loaded with extra passengers and sporting gear, it's carrying far more weight than its suspension system is designed for. Rugged roads and heavy loads create serious ride control problems—actual dangers—that you should eliminate with Monroe front and rear Load-Leveler stabilizing units. Have them installed today in place of your present shock absorbers. Look for the yellow and blue Monroe demonstrator barrel where you have your car serviced.



MONROE FRONT LOAD-LEVELERS save tires, overcome front-end sag which occurs after a car's springs have "set". Provide a more stable ride, help maintain wheel alignment, assure better cornering, prevent side-sway in cross-winds. Pay for themselves in savings on front-end work and tire wear.



MONROE REAR LOAD-LEVELERS keep heavily loaded vehicles on a safe, level keel. Prevent "bottoming", swaying on curves, scraping on steep inclines, help keep lights on road. End dangerous "tail drag" in cars, station wagons, light trucks. Protect suspension system, increase safety.



MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY • MONROE, MICHIGAN
1211 W. 14th St. • Tel. 268-1111 • Telex: 268111 • Cable: MONROE
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF RIDE CONTROL PRODUCTS, INCLUDING MONROE-MATIC® SHOCK ABSORBERS

LISTON (continued)

the law, the other is to lose his title. Nilon had answers for both. Sonny was harassed by Philadelphia police, said Nilon, "so he moved 1,000 miles away" to Chicago. There, said Nilon, he has been showing what a splendid fellow he is by visiting orphanages and hospitals. "Look at this," he said, handing a clipping across the desk. It was a story from a Milwaukee paper, headlined, NO SCOWLS OR GROWLS: CHILD'S PITA FEELS HIS SONNY. The story went on to call Sonny's surprise visit to a children's hospital "heart-warming." In the adjacent column was a picture of a smiling Sonny about to devour a huge stack of flapjacks. "Sonny's an entirely different man since he became champion," Nilon said. "He understands now." The Milwaukee paper made mention of Sonny's traveling companion, John Grayson, a Chicago detective. "He was assigned to our training camp," Nilon said. "Sonny has taken a liking to him, and he's taken a liking to Sonny, and he's been at Sonny's side ever since." Nilon clearly thought a detective was as good a pal as Sonny could wish for.

The greatest fighter

The idea that Sonny could lose his title made Nilon laugh. "Sonny's the greatest fighter of the century," he said. "I believe Sonny would take Joe Louis. He's bigger, stronger, and I don't believe that there is any man who can withstand the impact of Sonny Liston's punch. Joe Louis had a great left, but Sonny has harder with his left. I think Sonny has the greatest left hand that the fight game has ever seen. And he's so fast, that's where everybody underestimated him."

Although Nilon refused to name a round, he did say Sonny would knock Patterson out again. "Sonny hasn't hit Floyd a good punch yet," he said. "What I consider one of Sonny's better punches. I actually said a Hail Mary that Floyd wouldn't get off the floor [in Chicago]. If he had, he would have gotten hurt. You know what Sonny told me going into the ring? He said he would knock Floyd out in the first round. He said, 'If I don't, I will be down in the ring before the second round in disgrace.' Now that is the truth. He told me that walking down from the dressing room to the ring. He'll be champion for five to seven years. No one will touch him. I don't see anyone in sight."

END

Try using a four-wood from heavy rough

One of the maxims that golf conservatives most honor goes, always use an iron out of the rough. But, quite aside from the fact that it is sometimes wise to gamble, there are many occasions when a four-wood actually is the best club for such a shot. Where the grass is thick this club, used correctly, can do a much better job than an iron. It is a relatively heavy-headed club and has plenty of loft. It will, therefore, cut through even deep grass without being thrown off line. In fact, the four-wood seems almost to have been designed for this kind of rugged work.

When playing such a wood shot stand slightly closer to the ball than is usual. The main problem is to allow as little grass as possible to get between the clubface and the ball at impact. The solution lies in taking the club back rather abruptly and hitting down sharply into the ball, but with a full follow-through, thus almost exploding the ball out. This shot will usually slide off to the right a little, so aim slightly to the left. The four-wood can even be used profitably in the rough well inside the club's normal distance, provided you choke up on the grip. Also keep in mind that any ball coming out of high grass will have lots of over-spin, and therefore will roll a long way. This makes it possible to reach some holes that might not have been within normal four-wood range.



The ball must be played closer to the feet than usual (dotted line) and the club swung back on an upright plane (below) as if driving stakes with a sledgehammer



Drawings by Thom A. Goltzer

© 1982 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved.

Mighty Joe Morovits: Real-life Bunyan

He came to the Pacific Northwest mysteriously and disappeared without trace, but he left behind a record of amazing feats of mountaineering and exploration, now pieced together for the first time by DOLLY CONNELLY



You can do it with any map, but the game is most fascinating with a topographic map of a mountain area well known to you. The aim is to dig into dim by-paths of history to learn the stories of the persons immortalized in landmark names. Purists brush aside the Lovers' Leap and Artists' Point kind of thing—generally there never was a leaping lover or an artist anyway—and instead zero in on genuine people and actual happenings.

Maps of Mount Baker National Forest, an area that encloses the magnificent North Cascades in the northwest corner of the state of Washington, are ideal for this sport because the explanations are, tantalizingly, just beyond your grasp. Our history is so recent, so new, that forever I just miss the right "feller" to answer my questions. I don't know how many times I've been told: "Well, you just missed 'im. Used to be this old feller, up in his 90s he was as sharp as a tack, knew all about this country. Lived all his life on the old fur trail up on Little Beaver Creek in the Primitive Area with this Ingh woman. But he comes to die a short while back. . . ."

Well, I've bagged some dandies. I know that Dead Men's Camp, at a little tarn above Hannegan Pass, was named for a wealthy eastern hunter who disappeared while hunting wild goats up on Granite Mountain, and that his family offered large rewards but never turned up a trace of him. At the plea of his wife his camp was left just as he departed it, and so it remained until it moldered into the forest duff. I know that Damfino Ridge, the massive upheaval of rock extending from Church Mountain to Tomyhot Peak, was so named because gold prospectors came upon an old coat hacking into a quartz vein and asked him, "Any gold in these mountains?" "Damfino," answered the miner, and Damfino is the ridge to this day.

On the other hand, who was Winnie of that horrendous ice wall named Winnie's Slide at the lower end of Mount Shuksan's Hanging Glacier? Did Winnie actually slip on that awful ice, across which climbers must cut steps? If you're one of us mapophiles, you know this kind of probing goes on forever. You can't win them all. The maddening thing is that Winnie and Damnation Peak and Mounts Terror, Fury, Triumph and Despair in the Pocket Range of our North Cascades, and Three Fools Creek and Desolation Peak and Cuthroat Peak and Nightmare Camp—any of which should be good for a tremendous yarn—are ignored in the thin historical library of a young country.

The real teasers are the mountain men, a strange, silent breed who chose a lonely solitude without parallel in the settlement of the Pacific Northwest. Mount Baker National

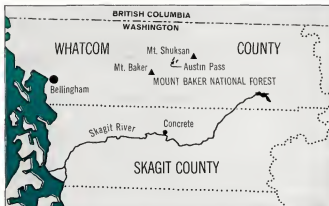
Forest is filled with their names, for the most part misspelled, but this adds a sporting handicap for the hunter. John McMillan, the squaw man who drove out his Indian wife and a pavel of half-breed kids in a fit of rage, is there on his horse meadow, McMillan Park. Tommy Rowland, the trickster who talked a greenhorn into staking him to full diving gear for "exploration" of 18-inch-deep creeks in search of gold in the stream beds, is remembered at Rowland Point. Beave Anna Howard Price, the first woman to climb Mount Shuksan, is there, at Lake Ann; the great mountaineer, Hap Fisher, at the Fisher Chimney on Mount Shuksan, the baby daughter of a timber cruiser at Lake Doreen in the spectacular Bell Pass country; a railroad engineer of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia logging train at Bagley Lakes; Frances Hayes, a lady mountain climber and nature lover who bathed nude among its ice chunks, at Hayes Lake in the Galena Chain of Lakes.

They left bits and pieces of themselves behind. Far up toward the summit of 7,868-foot Mount Larrabee, at the Canadian border, abandoned on a sliding shale slope to weather in the deep snows and terrible winds, there's a rusted wheelbarrow. Who pushed it there and why? I'm haunted by it and by the mystery of carloads of dry groceries brought in by mule train and packed deep into the howels of Gargett Mine above High Pass on the same mountain. There are nameless log cabins lost in tangles of vine maple and bracken, smashed by the weight of tremendous snows, and rusted mining machinery twisted into the shapes of question marks, remnants of narrow-gauge wagons and coils of rotting cable left from the great gold excitement of the early 1890s. There are even mining camp stores abandoned in panic with full display of rodent-chewed dry goods on the shelves.

They all haunt you after a while, these voiceless ones. But the most persistent of my personal ghosts is the mightiest of all the mountain men, Joe Morovits, the pioneer of mountaineering in the Mount Baker region, who set about living a legend in 1891 that still is pith and fire of much of the oldtimers' talk around winter hearths in the isolated country of the upper Skagit River. For 27 years Joe was the jolly Hermit of Baker Lake, a sort of Paul Bunyan of the Cascades, who made lone first ascents of glaciated 10,000-foot peaks with such casual regularity that he neglected to leave any cairn to mark his triumphs upon their summits.

Morovits—with his name misspelled—is on some topographic maps at Morovitz Creek and Morovitz Ranch. But I really found Joe Morovits, as I found many of the

continues



Washington's northwestern coastlines were the scene of Morovits' greatest pioneer achievements. For two years, alone, he hauled his 2,300-pound iron mortar due north from Concrete to his Fourth of July Mines, just south of Austin Pass.

Mighty Joe *continued*

mountain men, in yellowed old records of early rangers of the Washington Forest Reserve, which in those days encompassed all the national forests of northwest Washington. Joe, reported an angry ranger, had been up to his old tricks. He'd touched off a massive forest fire behind him on a trip out for supplies over 32 miles of rough trail from his ranch to Birdview, the old stop for stern-wheel riverboats on the Skagit. A good rousing forest fire was Joe's answer to burgeoning Douglas fir forests and windfall that threatened to push him off his mountain. When trees started to grow over miles of trail he had built and maintained in his kingdom between Mounts Baker and Shuksan, Joe retaliated with holocausts the like of which haven't been seen since in that wild country.

There is no mark of Morovits' chief gold mines, the Fourth of July Mines, on the maps, but I could guess at their location on a rock outcropping about halfway between Austin Pass and Baker Lake at the side of Swift Creek. It took a long summer day of struggle down that rough 18-mile trail, overgrown now and brushed in as Joe never would have tolerated, to reach the site of his diggings and one-man stamp mill at the junction of Fourth of July and Swift creeks, deep in wilderness as profound and untouched as that known by lonely Joe. And there I came as close to knowing Joe Morovits as I'll ever manage.

I found his massive mortar (later I discovered that it weighs 2,300 pounds), apparently dropped out of the sky in the decaying mill, now spired with defiant young trees. No narrow-gauge wagon ever could have come up that

trail. No team of horses or mules could have pulled together on that ore-crushing mortar. There sits that chunk of iron, as great a mystery as any in the Cascades, proof that Joe Morovits brought it in with nothing but his own brute strength and ingenuity. The old men of the river tell me that he windlassed it, hauling from tree to tree, all the way over his own crude trail from Baker City, now Concrete, on the Skagit River to Baker Lake and finally up Swift Creek to the Fourth of July Mines! The terrible haul took him two years. He worked at the task every day that he could spare from his ranch and his prospecting.

All other feats of all the other mighty men—even Dirty Dan Harris' incredible cattle drive up the Skagit Gorge to Hope, and up the Indian Trail on the Fraser to starving gold-rush hordes—fade into insignificance before that mute albatross of iron. I know when I am hooked. Ever since, every time I run across an early-day ranger, a gypsy logger or an ancient timber cruiser, a venerable prospector with gnarled and broken old hands, I ask him about Joe Morovits. Once I even went down to Seattle when an old trunk of Morovits was found in the basement of a hotel that was being demolished. Shoved way under a stair in a dank corner for more than 40 years, the trunk contained Joe's musty black Sunday suit—the clothing he wore when he made infrequent trips to Seattle to interest new capital in his mines. There were faded old photographs, too, showing Joe, a great skookum bull of a man, and early-day members of the Mountaineers, Seattle's climbers' club, standing on the summits of Joe's mountains. It's all right,

Joe, I thought, I'm your friend. A reporter from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* came around and looked at the contents of the trunk, too, but so lost is Morovits to the history books that the newspaper could do no more than run a feature story, *Who was Joe Morovits?*

Well, I could have told them who Joe Morovits was, but I still do not know why he gave all the years of his superb strength and marvelous will to a search that he knew was futile. Joe came down out of the mountains, after 27 years of labor the like of which only rarely can have been equaled, with exactly \$175. The \$175 was the value of a small poke of gold flakes and bits that he used time and again to salt his mines—as much for his own encouragement as to fool possible investors. He left behind, stuck with a knife to the table of one of his masterly cabins, a promissory note written to himself for the sum of \$160,000 for a half interest in a surface prospect on Rainbow Creek, which he called the Saint Joe Mine. Now why did Joe do that? Was he thumbing his nose at mountains that had withheld their treasure from him? I don't think so, for he loved and knew the mountains with a passion felt by few men. I believe the note was a cry of wry pain for the dreams of his lost youth.

Morovits was a different man to each odd-timer who knew him. To one, Joe was a French Canadian voyageur who drifted to British Columbia, and thence to his multiple mining claims and homestead at the foot of Mount Baker. To another he was a Russian, come down to Cascade country from the colony in Sitka, Alaska. Still another is sure of just one thing: "Morovits was born in the Alps," he insists to me, while a fourth swears that Joe talked to packhorses in the Croatian tongue. Like many a man who never tells a story twice in the same way—and likes a little mystery about his origins—Morovits dealt with fact only when he took unfamiliar pencil in his calloused, work-hardened hands. Joe wrote to his mountain-climbing friend, the late Charles Finley Easton, historian of Bellingham, that he was born near the town of Eastman, Crawford County, Wis., on April 25, 1866. His parents, Bohemian immigrants, separated, the mother being left with seven children and small funds. Neighbors took Joe on as a farmhand at 9 years of age for a wage of \$2 a month. He never went to school, learning to read and write during his early manhood from a bunkmate in the coal mines.

He came west, working coal mines in Colorado, Idaho, California, Vancouver Island in British Columbia and finally Blue Canyon Mine on Lake Whatcom near Bellingham, Wash. There Joe lifted his eyes to the mountains and found the adventure he had been seeking. He left the coal mine and found his way to the unknown wilderness of the Baker Lake country, south and east of Mount Baker. Locations and relocations of mines by the score, up the slopes of Mount Baker and Mount Shuksan, are listed in Morovits' name in old Whatcom County records.

He wrote: "I located here two miles west of Baker Lake on the 13th day of October 1891, built a cabin fit to move

into five days later. I lived alone for 27 years. The closest settler finally came in 12 miles down the river. There were no trails before me, not even blazes. I wanted to prospect the mountains for precious metals and settled to stay until I could clean up a few hundred thousand dollars. Single handed I drove over 1,000 feet of tunnel and shaft work, have washed down thousands of yards of gravel for placer and have built over 40 miles of trail and kept it open all these years. I have been alone nearly all the time, a hermit, but a busy one. I am a jack of all trades. I do iron work and wood work and run my own stamp mill. I put in my own tram, harnessed the water power, took in my own machinery and set it up."

Morovits customarily carried a pack of 100 pounds on his back on the 32-mile trek from the general store at Birdsview on the Skagit River to his homestead. He'd weigh up his bacon, flour, beans, ammunition and dynamite and make up whatever weight was short in whiskey. Settlers on the Skagit swear they remember him forging up the trail with an iron cook stove strapped to his back, the oven of which he'd packed tight with supplies, a sack of flour topping the whole, necks of whisky bottles protruding from his pants pockets. He needed a full mile of continuous cable to transport ore for crushing from one of his mines to the completed stamp mill. While the river people beat one another that Joe had been defeated at last by a task beyond even his gorilla strength, Joe hitched a long line of 22 horses, placed them 10 yards apart, double-looped the great cable in sections from horse to horse and began the drive with a helper. When at last he brought the cable to his claims, he had nothing but his own mighty manpower with which to lift the heavy coils into position in the trees. It took a full year, but he did it and had the pleasure of sending his buckets of ore whizzing down the mountainside on that cable.

If ever he found his few hundred thousands, it was his plan to "move to town, build me a palace, drive an auto and marry me a wife." It wasn't long before he knew the whole thing was a dream—Joe was a smart man—but by then he had come upon a way of life that pleased him so that he was loth to leave it. Potatoes raised on his ranch, wild berries, Baker River's trout and herring sockeye salmon comprised his main food supplies. Deer, black bear and mountain goats were steady fare on the Morovits menu. Hunting goats was a chore made arduous by the fact that Joe had to come on them from below, alerting them and sending them scurrying for the heights. Liked at the unfairness of the situation, Morovits deliberately shot minute toe and fingerholds for himself up a steep rock cliff, blasting away at a route by which he could sneak up above the animals and take them by surprise. Thereafter he brought home goat meat as surely as the housewife brings hamburger from the supermarket.

Morovits' renown as a mountaineer began to spread through the Northwest after July of 1908, when Seattle's Mountaineers, bent on ascent of Mount Baker by a new route pioneered between Park and Boulder glaciers by Joe,

—continued—

camped 54 strong near Baker Lake on the long pack-in from the terminus of a logging train then reaching through to Concrete. "He strode into camp with a 100-pound pack on his back like the mountain itself in human form," wrote one of the club members. "A Bohemian, he wore the mustache of a French Canadian. He wasn't more than 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight around 170 pounds, but he was of a close-knit, muscular build with remarkable girth of chest, belling out immediately under his chin and tapering to a small waist. His great arms hung near his knees. An impressive man of swarthy, wild appearance, he had a look of will power and determination about him to match his physical prowess. Without equipment of any kind except for a long pike of fir tapped with a self-made contrivance of steel shaped like the bowl of a large spoon, he had made all the major climbs of the area, seeking out the most violent routes up the mountains as a 'pastime' compared to the hardships of running a one-man mine and stamp mill."

Morovits often required that the men give him a hand at laying in his hay so he could spare time to guide the mountaineers up his Morovits Route. He led one group; L. A. Nelson, a climber with considerable reputation in the area, led another; and Joe finally stood, with club members, for his seventh time on the summit of 10,778-foot Mount Baker. The mountaineers returned to Seattle with many stories of Joe's gallantry to bloomed lady climbers, of his enormous good spirits and of his place discoveries and guiding ability. Thereafter the Morovits Ranch became a kind of headquarters for mountain climbers seeking guidance, among them an ill-matched couple of an eager young wife, enamored of the mountains, and a husband many years her senior. With Joe, they made camp near the snout of Boulder Glacier. Partway up the mountain the next morning, the husband called a halt, declaring that he could go no farther. He was left with the pack in a protected spot while Joe and the girl continued. Some hours later the husband looked up, horrified at wild whoops of, "Get up! Get up and get aboard!" apparently coming out of the sky.

Followed by a 15-foot rooster tail of snow geysering out from Joe's heels, the couple was glissading down Boulder Glacier tandem-voated at a pace that seemed to the timid husband "30 miles an hour." Heeling in, Joe brought the tandem to a graceful, swirling stop just below the man, lifted the lady from his lap to her feet, casually sauntered up, hauled the husband the time of day and shouldered his pack for the return down the mountain. Thereafter all Joe's descents of Mount Baker, some of them on a coal scuttle, were seated glissades, wild dailies around yawning crevasses—accomplished in as little as an hour and 12 minutes from the summit of Mount Baker to snow line. Morovits didn't believe in wasting time.

Joe made his first climb of Mount Baker on August 7, 1892, choosing by mere chance and ignorance the most difficult of all routes, that up the precipitous ice wall of the northeast face, the first and only ascent of that horrendous overhanging cornice until it was climbed by trained mem-

bers of Portland's Mazamas in 1906. Joe set off up Rainbow Glacier with a group of young men from La Conner on Puget Sound. At the Cockscomb, below the summit, the men came to a halt, declaring that no man possibly could climb the terrible ice wall looming over them. That was all the prod Morovits needed. He later wrote: "Four of the party fagged themselves and myself out, but two more went on. After a while the other two stopped so I had to go it alone. So I did it, finding it a thousand times worse than I figured on." Without even the pike he carried on later climbs, Morovits "cut foot notches in the ice with my rifle." Descent was even more harrowing, as Joe found it necessary to creep down backwards, feeling blindly below with his toes for tiny indentations he'd made in the rock-hard, shadowed ice of the north side.

By 1900 Joe had a number of original routes to his credit and a tidy record of first ascents, though he attached so little importance to the bagging of mountain heights that he made no effort to leave a mark of his passage on summits. Today, while climbers grant that unlettered Joe doubtless did all to which he laid claim, his interest spring-

Blossom and lady climbers versus Boulder Glacier during the 1909 ascent to the top of Mount Baker. This photograph



ing from prospecting far up the Sulphide Creek approach to Mount Shuksan, his name is gone from his "front-door mountain." Nobody disputes his firsts on Mount Baker: first ascent of the dangerous northeast ice face in 1892, establishment of the Morovits Route via the ridge between Park and Boulder glaciers in 1894, first ascent of Sherman Peak, the secondary summit of Mount Baker, in 1907.

Climbers marveled at his model ranch and fine buildings. Wrote one, "There is no sawed board in any of his buildings. With adze and axe he fashioned hand-rived timbers of cedar as finely met as milled lumber." At his nine cabins, miles beyond reach of the most sure-footed packhorse, Joe had such necessities as sets of china dishes, packed up upon the broad Morovits back. He believed in "eating civilized" even if his fare was primitive. He had an astonishing collection of books, some of them fine editions. Unlike most men who live alone, he kept everything neat as a pin. He bathed every time he passed in the vicinity of the steaming, sulphurous waters of Baker Hot Springs, 2½ miles from his ranch. Here he helped timber cruiser Vic Galbraith dig a hole and line it with logs as a rude

bathub just long enough and deep enough for a good soak.

Morovits was something of a volcanologist, leaving many notes on his observations. He believed there had been three great eruptions of Mount Baker from the Summit Crater, the most recent 100 years before his time, and exulted in the fact that Baker has not "blown her top all to hell and gone" but remains a beautiful cone. He traced old paths of fluctuating glaciers by moraine ridges left in their wake, estimating dates of periods of advancement and recession. He followed the path of a massive avalanche for seven miles down Rainbow Creek, wondering at "rocks sticking in the sides of trees along the edge of its path as high as 30 feet from the roots, as high as a man's two fists and much bigger." From Morovits' account, the name Avalanche Gorge was given to the half-mile-wide devastated area.

In 1907 Joe and six Bellingham men set the first speed record on the mountain, reaching the summit dome in 5½ hours from snow line. They spent four hours in balmy weather on the top taking elaborate measurements, concluding that the egg-shaped summit is "about 70 acres, more or less." Mount Baker National Forest records of 1916 note that Morovits sold his claims on Sulphide Creek on the southeasterly side of Mount Shuksan, where "one sample taken out (ac) show values up to more than \$2,000 per ton." In 1917 Joe was forced to sell his homestead and the Fourth of July Mines to a group of men who held a lien on the mill. The men never worked the mines, but used the ranch as a base camp for hunting and logging.

Joe paid up his debts and disappeared from his mountains, the river pioneers tell me, in 1918. Some oldtimers claim he went back to coal mining as a powder monkey, a trade for which his experience would have suited him. They say he earned \$25 a day, more money than he'd seen in his life before, but that he was grievously injured and crippled only a short time later when he was struck on the head and shoulders by an enormous chunk of coal. They say that the wonderful love of life burned low in him, that only once did he come back to see his mountains. Shrunken and wasted he was, with a rigid brace about his neck, though his years were not advanced. He died a charity patient in some city hospital or nursing home, according to these chroniclers.

This fate for Joe is rejected by others who knew him.

"Joe never went back to coal mining," they scoff. "Men like that couldn't work for any other man. Went into the wilderness mountains of Idaho, Joe did, with no more stake than his 100-pound pack and his rifle. There's some Saint Joe Mountains in the Bitterroots mighta been named for him. No, I think he was clawed by a bear, somewhere all alone, and his bones lie a-bleaching in the sun and the snows to this day. Joe was mean to bears, he was."

I'd just as soon never learn where Joe is buried, for to me he lives, in a way, on his Mount Baker in a hundred stories of derring-do, in a one-ton mortar resting in the vine maples—Morovits, the mighty man of the mountains. **END**

was made from one of the rare glass-plate negatives in the Washington State Historical Society collection



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING **GRAHAM HILL**, a placed 51-year-old Londoner, became the world driving champion by winning the South African Grand Prix in East London, a win/over course that looks like the Indian Ocean. For three quarters of the 150-mile race, Hill trailed close rival Jim Clark. When Clark's car developed an oil leak that forced him into the pits, Hill pulled away to an easy victory that also meant the world endurance race title for the BRM factory.

BASKETBALL **NBA** **EASTERN DIVISION** teams held their Christmas games into the new year. Boston moved to a victory, a game tied over saturation. The Sox, having dropped four games, coach John Havlicek had his best night as a pro with 30 points against Cleveland. The Knicks played evenly, 1-2 to win in third. New York left another game over into the cellar. Western Division leader Los Angeles

tailored its bid on two with a 100-point game over St. Louis. But San Francisco was so up to move up from the bottom to sixth place. Detroit and Chicago opened places, a knockout long and spell looking the Lakers into the season.

BOATING **V.A. LONG'S GUNDE**, a 37-foot aluminum boat, beat the 25-hour Sydney to Hobart race by one minute to win the rough offshore today-Hobart race. The converted tug *Gundee* slipped to second behind *Solo*, a 27-foot steel cutter designed by Alan Payne. Long, the first ever to race an American yacht in the Australian class, set 14 hours from the old 24-hour record.

CHAMP—**BROOKLYN COLLEGE** edged 400-meter University by one point to win the National Ice Cream League Team Championships 18-13 in Philadelphia.

FOOTBALL **COLLEGE** **NORTH-SOUTH** All-Star game, 18-10, Miami stadium was a 15-14 upset victory for the Rebels. The South used Suggs for the first time ever and one, Halfback, Wilks. Both played for Missouri's Unkle's State College, won the game by catching a long, late-in-the-game pass for the deciding touchdown. Up in quarter Montgomery, Ala., the South beat the South in the first game since 19-8. It was Dave Hornebeck, Iowa State's quarterback, who ran the winning drive on a makeshift field. In single back, Sam Ickowski, the best of the East, beat the best of the West 25-19 in the Shrine game, but only after

settling a dispute that the East took the 100-yarding minutes. In the bowl game, Illinois coach Mike of Ohio, 20-10 in the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando, Fla., with sophomore tight end, Joe Kunk, gaining his first lead. Florida coach, Steve Spurlock, took a 10-0 lead in the first half, but lost to the 10-0 lead in the first half. The 10-0 lead in the first half, but lost to the 10-0 lead in the first half. The 10-0 lead in the first half, but lost to the 10-0 lead in the first half.

NFL **GREEN BAY** beat the New York Giants 16-7 in a bitter 14-minute struggle in the first half in New York. It was a second straight NFL championship for the Packers.

AFL **DALLAS**, in the largest game in professional football history, 44 seconds, against the AFL champion New York Jets 28-17 in a second overtime period. In the first half the passing of Len Dawson and running of Albert Davis kept the Texans ahead by a 17-0 margin. The Jets, led by running back's powerful control, the Ochs, matched with 17 points of their own. By the end of regulation time, after a 17-0 margin, the Jets, led by running back's powerful control, the Ochs, matched with 17 points of their own. By the end of regulation time, after a 17-0 margin, the Jets, led by running back's powerful control, the Ochs, matched with 17 points of their own.

HOCKEY **NHL** **DENVER** and **CHICAGO** dominated the second round of the league for nearly two weeks as both went against the leader Denver into fourth.

FACES IN THE CROWD



NORMAN DYHRENFURTH, victim climber and documentary film authority, leaves next week for Nepal, where, as head of the first American Mt. Everest expedition, he will start the massive 120-ton of equipment and 120 men for the 25-member group.



MAIZIE SULLIVAN, 19, of Ontario, who took an accelerated high school program to be able to skate competitively and already has an international championship to her credit, glided through the southwestern figure skating meet in Dallas to win the women's title.



ROLAND HILLIER of Winter Park, Fla., won the Western Hemisphere water skiing slalom championship near Miami in a time runoff against present world champion Jimmy Jackson by averaging 38 mph at the end of a shortened (25-foot) race.

Basketball's Week

by FRANK DEFORD

THE EAST

For the basketball fan there was no doubt that it was Christmas time. The wreaths were up, the stores were filled, Arizona State was in Buffalo, Tennessee in El Paso and Iowa in Portland. The latter examples were evidence, of course, of the intersectional diversions that signal the holidays.

The situation was no better exemplified than in Philadelphia where Roman Catholic and Mormon battled for Quaker City Tournament honors. Paced by its newest starter, 6-foot Steve Courtin, St. Joseph's was a 76-64 winner over Brigham Young, a surprise finalist. The Main Line reception was somewhat different for favored Bowling Green, which arrived unbeaten and left with two losses and a virus.

To New York's Holiday Festival, Illinois Coach Harry Combes brought his bright-red socks and his perfect orange-and-blue record. The Illini got the record, anyway, cleanly back to Champaign Illinois finished with a flourish, outscoring West Virginia 25-5 to come from behind and win 92-74. The semifinal opponent, NYU—and more

specifically, Barry Kramer—gave Illinois the greatest trouble. Kramer, the tourney MVP, scored 42 in that loss, 49 more in two wins, to lead the Vols to third place.

Penn and Princeton, the class of the Ivies, both lost for the first time—Penn 66-98 to Wilson and Princeton 74-85 to Duke. Niagara, unbeaten and happy that way, took Christmas vacation to learn and took Christmas vacation. The top three.

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (8-0)
2. PRINCETON (7-1)
3. NYU (6-2)

THE SOUTH

For Dixie's proudest, the holidays were rugged first and festive second. Not only were there knicks in the orange groves, there was a rash of fratricidal upsets that cut the list of the major unbeaten to three—Auburn, Georgia Tech and Miami. And even though all three proved themselves with tournament victories, none exactly trampled the opposition. Auburn, for instance, needed overtime to squeak by Houston for the Sugar Bowl title (see page 46).

while Tech won the Gator Bowl with a 60-00 point conquest of Florida after a one-point defeat of Virginia Tech.

Miami, 8-0 and conqueror of Duke 71-69, avenged itself and the Chamber of Commerce by taking care of two other Yankee invaders, Cornell and Pitt, to win the Hurricane Classic. It wasn't easy, though. Miami had to make 28 of 31 from the foul line to beat the Panthers 86-85 in the finals. LSU, a pre-Christmas 74-73 victor over Houston, took third. At Greenville, S.C., Vanderbilt had only a three-point victory margin as it won the Penitence Classic, edging Clemson 60-58 and Furman 69-68.

Virginia Tech learned how the better half lives and loses. Masters of Mississippi State and Kentucky, it lost three straight. Also returning to reality was Davidson—Cinderella against Duke (72-69) but then pumpkin against Cincinnati (46-72).

Obviously, some of the southern elite had to be winning. One was Kentucky, which bounced back from a 68-66 loss to North Carolina to win its own Kentucky Invitational from West Virginia, a defeat that made the Mountaineers big Christmas bridesmaids—they finished second in two tournaments. Bob Hurnbug. The top three.

1. AUBURN (8-0)
2. KENTUCKY (7-3)
3. GEORGIA TECH (7-0)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN

Sirs

Here in Oregon we are extremely proud of our homegrown athletes, especially one Terry Baker. I would like to express thanks for your extreme foresight in naming him "The Best Athlete in College" in an issue last year (October 16, 1981). Prior to your article, Oregon athletes were just "also-rans" regardless of the large number presently in professional basketball and football.

Now, finally, the Heisman Trophy award has broken the geographical barrier and concurred with your article of a year ago. In these times of high-pressure athletics it is hard to find an athlete and scholar such as Terry Baker.

K. H. WHITMAN

Portland, Ore.

● We agree. See cover and page 16.—E.D.

WORKS AND PREPPERS

Sirs

Nine long yaks for Robert Boyle and *The Harvard and the Yale* (Dec. 17).

Come to think of it, when I was in college we had clubbies, jocks, preppers and works, too, but we didn't call them that, and their names were pronounceable.

In my day football was borghese. How could it help but be? You could count the number of games we lost or tied in the span of four years on the fingers of one hand. The varsity was almost entirely composed of preppers, many of whom were also clubbies. Stan Pannick, the best guard we ever had, was also a work. The poor guy was killed performing a chemistry experiment. We had five men on the 1914 All-America team. Eddie Mahan was the best running back in the country. For Yack Hardwick, bless his soul, football was borghese all year round. He once said that he would jump off the Washington Monument if Percy Haughton told him to.

I think that football at Harvard is in pretty healthy condition right now, thanks largely to Coach Yowacan. Maybe Rick Heizer will be telling his children about that 50-yard runback he made at Franklin Field a year ago and omit any discussion of Elvis Presley and Plato. I bet that was borghese to him.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.
Harvard '16

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs

Having been non-U my entire life, I humbly suggest your reporters concern themselves less with the self-conscious mewlings

of the Harvards, their tiddlywinks, light touch-tacklers and shy but acne-faced football team and more with such solid sports as model train construction (HO), water bullet and cut the pie.

LEWIS H. SEARS

Orinda, Calif.

Sirs

We have institutions for peepies, works, clubbies, etc. out here, too, but we call them state hospitals.

A. C. WILBUR

Port Clinton, Ohio

Sirs

Congratulations on an outstanding effort to misrepresent life at Harvard.

MICHAEL F. HOLLAND

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs

It is true that the Harvard-Yale game is no longer a meeting of powerhouses. However, the game is no less important to the players and the spectators. If Robert Boyle had been on the athletic fields that day, instead of mooching drinks from the clubs, he would have seen over a thousand Harvard and Yale men playing against one another on various levels of football, soccer and tiddlywinks. Where else does a student body get a chance to participate so fully in a meeting of two universities?

EDWARD J. SMITH JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed reading your recent article *The Harvard and the Yale*. My 13-year-old son, an avid Minnesota football fan, simply could not believe my descriptions of eastern football, and you served so well in my clenching of the argument.

CYRIL REIDY

St. Paul

Sirs

Boyle has excellently portrayed the spirit prevailing among Harvard students. That's why we're at Yale.

EDWARD P. O'NEIL JR.

EUGENE STRAMBURGER III

New Haven, Conn.

CHILD'S PLAY

Sirs

I would like to make a comment on the so-called "football predictions" you made each week during the football season.

I am a mere, uninformed child of 11 who is interested in football teams. Each week I predicted the same games you did, picking the teams I thought would win by using common sense and a look at their earlier games. I finished exactly 13% higher than you did in the final count. Some of your predictions over the year were ridiculous. Every week I would look at your guesses, guffaw, then make my own and steadily beat you. Shame!

ROB CORRUCINA

Boulder, Colo.

● We committed ours to print, however.—E.D.

PAWNS AND TIDDLES

Sirs

In reference to the letter of Mr. Lemuel Roberts II (19th hole, Dec. 10), I would like to suggest that perhaps Mr. Roberts ought to discontinue his subscription.

What would be like to see in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "action" shots of chess? Or tiddlywinks? To say that football and boxing represent everything "unclean, unfair and dishonest" in sports is absolutely ludicrous. I would even go so far as to suggest that Mr. Roberts might consult the nearest psychiatrist. Our youth is getting soft only because certain people like Mr. Roberts are attempting to take all excitement out of sports.

R. MCCUTCHEON

London, Ont.

WRONG GATE

Sirs

As a longtime admirer of Bill Hartack I was pleased to see the starting-gate picture of him in your December 24 issue (*The Challenger and Risk as Brave as Champions*). But Hartack does not ride at Del Mar.

KENNA MILLIKAN

New York City

● Right. The picture was taken at Chicago's Hawthorne Race Course.—E.D.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

COVER: PAUL BLOOMBERG 14-16: KYLE TALL 17-18: MARY B. SCHWABER 19-20: BOB KATZ 21-22: 23: BOB KATZ 24-25: PAUL BLOOMBERG 26-27: BOB KATZ 27: TIM LINDSLEY 28-29: JAMES O'NEILL 30-31: SCOTT BROWN 32: TONY ELLER 32: A.P. MULLIN 33: NORMAN G. 33-34: GUY A. BERRY 34-35: JIMMY DAVIS 36-37: JERRY COOPER 38: BOB KATZ 39-40: BOB KATZ 41: JIMMY DAVIS 42-43: BOB KATZ 44: BOB KATZ 45: BOB KATZ 46-47: BOB KATZ 48-49: BOB KATZ 50-51: BOB KATZ 52-53: BOB KATZ 54-55: BOB KATZ 56-57: BOB KATZ 58-59: BOB KATZ 60-61: BOB KATZ 62-63: BOB KATZ 64-65: BOB KATZ 66-67: BOB KATZ 68-69: BOB KATZ 70-71: BOB KATZ 72-73: BOB KATZ 74-75: BOB KATZ 76-77: BOB KATZ 78-79: BOB KATZ 80-81: BOB KATZ 82-83: BOB KATZ 84-85: BOB KATZ 86-87: BOB KATZ 88-89: BOB KATZ 90-91: BOB KATZ 92-93: BOB KATZ 94-95: BOB KATZ 96-97: BOB KATZ 98-99: BOB KATZ 100-101: BOB KATZ 102-103: BOB KATZ 104-105: BOB KATZ 106-107: BOB KATZ 108-109: BOB KATZ 110-111: BOB KATZ 112-113: BOB KATZ 114-115: BOB KATZ 116-117: BOB KATZ 118-119: BOB KATZ 120-121: BOB KATZ 122-123: BOB KATZ 124-125: BOB KATZ 126-127: BOB KATZ 128-129: BOB KATZ 130-131: BOB KATZ 132-133: BOB KATZ 134-135: BOB KATZ 136-137: BOB KATZ 138-139: BOB KATZ 140-141: BOB KATZ 142-143: BOB KATZ 144-145: BOB KATZ 146-147: BOB KATZ 148-149: BOB KATZ 150-151: BOB KATZ 152-153: BOB KATZ 154-155: BOB KATZ 156-157: BOB KATZ 158-159: BOB KATZ 160-161: BOB KATZ 162-163: BOB KATZ 164-165: BOB KATZ 166-167: BOB KATZ 168-169: BOB KATZ 170-171: BOB KATZ 172-173: BOB KATZ 174-175: BOB KATZ 176-177: BOB KATZ 178-179: BOB KATZ 180-181: BOB KATZ 182-183: BOB KATZ 184-185: BOB KATZ 186-187: BOB KATZ 188-189: BOB KATZ 190-191: BOB KATZ 192-193: BOB KATZ 194-195: BOB KATZ 196-197: BOB KATZ 198-199: BOB KATZ 200-201: BOB KATZ 202-203: BOB KATZ 204-205: BOB KATZ 206-207: BOB KATZ 208-209: BOB KATZ 210-211: BOB KATZ 212-213: BOB KATZ 214-215: BOB KATZ 216-217: BOB KATZ 218-219: BOB KATZ 220-221: BOB KATZ 222-223: BOB KATZ 224-225: BOB KATZ 226-227: BOB KATZ 228-229: BOB KATZ 230-231: BOB KATZ 232-233: BOB KATZ 234-235: BOB KATZ 236-237: BOB KATZ 238-239: BOB KATZ 240-241: BOB KATZ 242-243: BOB KATZ 244-245: BOB KATZ 246-247: BOB KATZ 248-249: BOB KATZ 250-251: BOB KATZ 252-253: BOB KATZ 254-255: BOB KATZ 256-257: BOB KATZ 258-259: BOB KATZ 260-261: BOB KATZ 262-263: BOB KATZ 264-265: BOB KATZ 266-267: BOB KATZ 268-269: BOB KATZ 270-271: BOB KATZ 272-273: BOB KATZ 274-275: BOB KATZ 276-277: BOB KATZ 278-279: BOB KATZ 280-281: BOB KATZ 282-283: BOB KATZ 284-285: BOB KATZ 286-287: BOB KATZ 288-289: BOB KATZ 290-291: BOB KATZ 292-293: BOB KATZ 294-295: BOB KATZ 296-297: BOB KATZ 298-299: BOB KATZ 300-301: BOB KATZ 302-303: BOB KATZ 304-305: BOB KATZ 306-307: BOB KATZ 308-309: BOB KATZ 310-311: BOB KATZ 312-313: BOB KATZ 314-315: BOB KATZ 316-317: BOB KATZ 318-319: BOB KATZ 320-321: BOB KATZ 322-323: BOB KATZ 324-325: BOB KATZ 326-327: BOB KATZ 328-329: BOB KATZ 330-331: BOB KATZ 332-333: BOB KATZ 334-335: BOB KATZ 336-337: BOB KATZ 338-339: BOB KATZ 340-341: BOB KATZ 342-343: BOB KATZ 344-345: BOB KATZ 346-347: BOB KATZ 348-349: BOB KATZ 350-351: BOB KATZ 352-353: BOB KATZ 354-355: BOB KATZ 356-357: BOB KATZ 358-359: BOB KATZ 360-361: BOB KATZ 362-363: BOB KATZ 364-365: BOB KATZ 366-367: BOB KATZ 368-369: BOB KATZ 370-371: BOB KATZ 372-373: BOB KATZ 374-375: BOB KATZ 376-377: BOB KATZ 378-379: BOB KATZ 380-381: BOB KATZ 382-383: BOB KATZ 384-385: BOB KATZ 386-387: BOB KATZ 388-389: BOB KATZ 390-391: BOB KATZ 392-393: BOB KATZ 394-395: BOB KATZ 396-397: BOB KATZ 398-399: BOB KATZ 400-401: BOB KATZ 402-403: BOB KATZ 404-405: BOB KATZ 406-407: BOB KATZ 408-409: BOB KATZ 410-411: BOB KATZ 412-413: BOB KATZ 414-415: BOB KATZ 416-417: BOB KATZ 418-419: BOB KATZ 420-421: BOB KATZ 422-423: BOB KATZ 424-425: BOB KATZ 426-427: BOB KATZ 428-429: BOB KATZ 430-431: BOB KATZ 432-433: BOB KATZ 434-435: BOB KATZ 436-437: BOB KATZ 438-439: BOB KATZ 440-441: BOB KATZ 442-443: BOB KATZ 444-445: BOB KATZ 446-447: BOB KATZ 448-449: BOB KATZ 450-451: BOB KATZ 452-453: BOB KATZ 454-455: BOB KATZ 456-457: BOB KATZ 458-459: BOB KATZ 460-461: BOB KATZ 462-463: BOB KATZ 464-465: BOB KATZ 466-467: BOB KATZ 468-469: BOB KATZ 470-471: BOB KATZ 472-473: BOB KATZ 474-475: BOB KATZ 476-477: BOB KATZ 478-479: BOB KATZ 480-481: BOB KATZ 482-483: BOB KATZ 484-485: BOB KATZ 486-487: BOB KATZ 488-489: BOB KATZ 490-491: BOB KATZ 492-493: BOB KATZ 494-495: BOB KATZ 496-497: BOB KATZ 498-499: BOB KATZ 500-501: BOB KATZ 502-503: BOB KATZ 504-505: BOB KATZ 506-507: BOB KATZ 508-509: BOB KATZ 510-511: BOB KATZ 512-513: BOB KATZ 514-515: BOB KATZ 516-517: BOB KATZ 518-519: BOB KATZ 520-521: BOB KATZ 522-523: BOB KATZ 524-525: BOB KATZ 526-527: BOB KATZ 528-529: BOB KATZ 530-531: BOB KATZ 532-533: BOB KATZ 534-535: BOB KATZ 536-537: BOB KATZ 538-539: BOB KATZ 540-541: BOB KATZ 542-543: BOB KATZ 544-545: BOB KATZ 546-547: BOB KATZ 548-549: BOB KATZ 550-551: BOB KATZ 552-553: BOB KATZ 554-555: BOB KATZ 556-557: BOB KATZ 558-559: BOB KATZ 560-561: BOB KATZ 562-563: BOB KATZ 564-565: BOB KATZ 566-567: BOB KATZ 568-569: BOB KATZ 570-571: BOB KATZ 572-573: BOB KATZ 574-575: BOB KATZ 576-577: BOB KATZ 578-579: BOB KATZ 580-581: BOB KATZ 582-583: BOB KATZ 584-585: BOB KATZ 586-587: BOB KATZ 588-589: BOB KATZ 590-591: BOB KATZ 592-593: BOB KATZ 594-595: BOB KATZ 596-597: BOB KATZ 598-599: BOB KATZ 600-601: BOB KATZ 602-603: BOB KATZ 604-605: BOB KATZ 606-607: BOB KATZ 608-609: BOB KATZ 610-611: BOB KATZ 612-613: BOB KATZ 614-615: BOB KATZ 616-617: BOB KATZ 618-619: BOB KATZ 620-621: BOB KATZ 622-623: BOB KATZ 624-625: BOB KATZ 626-627: BOB KATZ 628-629: BOB KATZ 630-631: BOB KATZ 632-633: BOB KATZ 634-635: BOB KATZ 636-637: BOB KATZ 638-639: BOB KATZ 640-641: BOB KATZ 642-643: BOB KATZ 644-645: BOB KATZ 646-647: BOB KATZ 648-649: BOB KATZ 650-651: BOB KATZ 652-653: BOB KATZ 654-655: BOB KATZ 656-657: BOB KATZ 658-659: BOB KATZ 660-661: BOB KATZ 662-663: BOB KATZ 664-665: BOB KATZ 666-667: BOB KATZ 668-669: BOB KATZ 670-671: BOB KATZ 672-673: BOB KATZ 674-675: BOB KATZ 676-677: BOB KATZ 678-679: BOB KATZ 680-681: BOB KATZ 682-683: BOB KATZ 684-685: BOB KATZ 686-687: BOB KATZ 688-689: BOB KATZ 690-691: BOB KATZ 692-693: BOB KATZ 694-695: BOB KATZ 696-697: BOB KATZ 698-699: BOB KATZ 700-701: BOB KATZ 702-703: BOB KATZ 704-705: BOB KATZ 706-707: BOB KATZ 708-709: BOB KATZ 710-711: BOB KATZ 712-713: BOB KATZ 714-715: BOB KATZ 716-717: BOB KATZ 718-719: BOB KATZ 720-721: BOB KATZ 722-723: BOB KATZ 724-725: BOB KATZ 726-727: BOB KATZ 728-729: BOB KATZ 730-731: BOB KATZ 732-733: BOB KATZ 734-735: BOB KATZ 736-737: BOB KATZ 738-739: BOB KATZ 740-741: BOB KATZ 742-743: BOB KATZ 744-745: BOB KATZ 746-747: BOB KATZ 748-749: BOB KATZ 750-751: BOB KATZ 752-753: BOB KATZ 754-755: BOB KATZ 756-757: BOB KATZ 758-759: BOB KATZ 760-761: BOB KATZ 762-763: BOB KATZ 764-765: BOB KATZ 766-767: BOB KATZ 768-769: BOB KATZ 770-771: BOB KATZ 772-773: BOB KATZ 774-775: BOB KATZ 776-777: BOB KATZ 778-779: BOB KATZ 780-781: BOB KATZ 782-783: BOB KATZ 784-785: BOB KATZ 786-787: BOB KATZ 788-789: BOB KATZ 790-791: BOB KATZ 792-793: BOB KATZ 794-795: BOB KATZ 796-797: BOB KATZ 798-799: BOB KATZ 800-801: BOB KATZ 802-803: BOB KATZ 804-805: BOB KATZ 806-807: BOB KATZ 808-809: BOB KATZ 810-811: BOB KATZ 812-813: BOB KATZ 814-815: BOB KATZ 816-817: BOB KATZ 818-819: BOB KATZ 820-821: BOB KATZ 822-823: BOB KATZ 824-825: BOB KATZ 826-827: BOB KATZ 828-829: BOB KATZ 830-831: BOB KATZ 832-833: BOB KATZ 834-835: BOB KATZ 836-837: BOB KATZ 838-839: BOB KATZ 840-841: BOB KATZ 842-843: BOB KATZ 844-845: BOB KATZ 846-847: BOB KATZ 848-849: BOB KATZ 850-851: BOB KATZ 852-853: BOB KATZ 854-855: BOB KATZ 856-857: BOB KATZ 858-859: BOB KATZ 860-861: BOB KATZ 862-863: BOB KATZ 864-865: BOB KATZ 866-867: BOB KATZ 868-869: BOB KATZ 870-871: BOB KATZ 872-873: BOB KATZ 874-875: BOB KATZ 876-877: BOB KATZ 878-879: BOB KATZ 880-881: BOB KATZ 882-883: BOB KATZ 884-885: BOB KATZ 886-887: BOB KATZ 888-889: BOB KATZ 890-891: BOB KATZ 892-893: BOB KATZ 894-895: BOB KATZ 896-897: BOB KATZ 898-899: BOB KATZ 900-901: BOB KATZ 902-903: BOB KATZ 904-905: BOB KATZ 906-907: BOB KATZ 908-909: BOB KATZ 910-911: BOB KATZ 912-913: BOB KATZ 914-915: BOB KATZ 916-917: BOB KATZ 918-919: BOB KATZ 920-921: BOB KATZ 922-923: BOB KATZ 924-925: BOB KATZ 926-927: BOB KATZ 928-929: BOB KATZ 930-931: BOB KATZ 932-933: BOB KATZ 934-935: BOB KATZ 936-937: BOB KATZ 938-939: BOB KATZ 940-941: BOB KATZ 942-943: BOB KATZ 944-945: BOB KATZ 946-947: BOB KATZ 948-949: BOB KATZ 950-951: BOB KATZ 952-953: BOB KATZ 954-955: BOB KATZ 956-957: BOB KATZ 958-959: BOB KATZ 960-961: BOB KATZ 962-963: BOB KATZ 964-965: BOB KATZ 966-967: BOB KATZ 968-969: BOB KATZ 970-971: BOB KATZ 972-973: BOB KATZ 974-975: BOB KATZ 976-977: BOB KATZ 978-979: BOB KATZ 980-981: BOB KATZ 982-983: BOB KATZ 984-985: BOB KATZ 986-987: BOB KATZ 988-989: BOB KATZ 990-991: BOB KATZ 992-993: BOB KATZ 994-995: BOB KATZ 996-997: BOB KATZ 998-999: BOB KATZ 1000-1001: BOB KATZ 1002-1003: BOB KATZ 1004-1005: BOB KATZ 1006-1007: BOB KATZ 1008-1009: BOB KATZ 1010-1011: BOB KATZ 1012-1013: BOB KATZ 1014-1015: BOB KATZ 1016-1017: BOB KATZ 1018-1019: BOB KATZ 1020-1021: BOB KATZ 1022-1023: BOB KATZ 1024-1025: BOB KATZ 1026-1027: BOB KATZ 1028-1029: BOB KATZ 1030-1031: BOB KATZ 1032-1033: BOB KATZ 1034-1035: BOB KATZ 1036-1037: BOB KATZ 1038-1039: BOB KATZ 1040-1041: BOB KATZ 1042-1043: BOB KATZ 1044-1045: BOB KATZ 1046-1047: BOB KATZ 1048-1049: BOB KATZ 1050-1051: BOB KATZ 1052-1053: BOB KATZ 1054-1055: BOB KATZ 1056-1057: BOB KATZ 1058-1059: BOB KATZ 1060-1061: BOB KATZ 1062-1063: BOB KATZ 1064-1065: BOB KATZ 1066-1067: BOB KATZ 1068-1069: BOB KATZ 1070-1071: BOB KATZ 1072-1073: BOB KATZ 1074-1075: BOB KATZ 1076-1077: BOB KATZ 1078-1079: BOB KATZ 1080-1081: BOB KATZ 1082-1083: BOB KATZ 1084-1085: BOB KATZ 1086-1087: BOB KATZ 1088-1089: BOB KATZ 1090-1091: BOB KATZ 1092-1093: BOB KATZ 1094-1095: BOB KATZ 1096-1097: BOB KATZ 1098-1099: BOB KATZ 1100-1101: BOB KATZ 1102-1103: BOB KATZ 1104-1105: BOB KATZ 1106-1107: BOB KATZ 1108-1109: BOB KATZ 1110-1111: BOB KATZ 1112-1113: BOB KATZ 1114-1115: BOB KATZ 1116-1117: BOB KATZ 1118-1119: BOB KATZ 1120-1121: BOB KATZ 1122-1123: BOB KATZ 1124-1125: BOB KATZ 1126-1127: BOB KATZ 1128-1129: BOB KATZ 1130-1131: BOB KATZ 1132-1133: BOB KATZ 1134-1135: BOB KATZ 1136-1137: BOB KATZ 1138-1139: BOB KATZ 1140-1141: BOB KATZ 1142-1143: BOB KATZ 1144-1145: BOB KATZ 1146-1147: BOB KATZ 1148-1149: BOB KATZ 1150-1151: BOB KATZ 1152-1153: BOB KATZ 1154-1155: BOB KATZ 1156-1157: BOB KATZ 1158-1159: BOB KATZ 1160-1161: BOB KATZ 1162-1163: BOB KATZ 1164-1165: BOB KATZ 1166-1167: BOB KATZ 1168-1169: BOB KATZ 1170-1171: BOB KATZ 1172-1173: BOB KATZ 1174-1175: BOB KATZ 1176-1177: BOB KATZ 1178-1179: BOB KATZ 1180-1181: BOB KATZ 1182-1183: BOB KATZ 1184-1185: BOB KATZ 1186-1187: BOB KATZ 1188-1189: BOB KATZ 1190-1191: BOB KATZ 1192-1193: BOB KATZ 1194-1195: BOB KATZ 1196-1197: BOB KATZ 1198-1199: BOB KATZ 1200-1201: BOB KATZ 1202-1203: BOB KATZ 1204-1205: BOB KATZ 1206-1207: BOB KATZ 1208-1209: BOB KATZ 1210-1211: BOB KATZ 1212-1213: BOB KATZ 1214-1215: BOB KATZ 1216-1217: BOB KATZ 1218-1219: BOB KATZ 1220-1221: BOB KATZ 1222-1223: BOB KATZ 1224-1225: BOB KATZ 1226-1227: BOB KATZ 1228-1229: BOB KATZ 1230-1231: BOB KATZ 1232-1233: BOB KATZ 1234-1235: BOB KATZ 1236-1237: BOB KATZ 1238-1239: BOB KATZ 1240-1241: BOB KATZ 1242-1243: BOB KATZ 1244-1245: BO



Star of the Red Skelton Show (CBS-TV, 8:30 p.m. Tuesdays) relaxes in one of the opulent new Penthouse Suites at the Sands

Come to The Sands Hotel—where even the stars relax. Where the Crowned Heads of the entertainment world deliver incomparable Copa Room performances night after unforgettable night! □ Come to The Sands and see the lavishly appointed new Penthouse Suites. Sample the striking, unique Petite Suites. Relax in magnificently decorated Rooms. And dine amid courtly splendor in the mural-lined new Garden Room □ Come to The Sands where the gracious Continental hospitality is spiced with the Monte Carlo whirl of excitement 24 hours every thrilling day and night! Where the swimming, the **free golf**, the sightseeing—and even the sun—are superlative! □ Come to The Sands now. Come as you are. A swift, five hours or less by Jet from Anywhere, U.S.A. The Sands is the "Address of Success" in fabulous Las Vegas.

LET'S JET TO THE **Sands**
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

COMPLETE CONVENTION FACILITIES including Private Meeting and Dining Rooms.

NOW BOOKING FUTURE RESERVATIONS. Call your Local Travel Agent or our Nearest Office: Chicago/Central 6-8217
• Dallas/Riverfront 2-6859 • Las Vegas/REgent 5-9111 • Los Angeles/BRadshaw 2-9611 • New York/PLaza 7-4454
• Pittsburgh/EXpress 1-4628 • San Francisco/EXbrook 7-2287 • Toronto/EMpire 2-6728.



Treat
your taste
kindly
with

KENT

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

*Refines away harsh flavor...refines away
rough taste...for the mildest taste of all!*

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE

©1963 P. Lorillard Co.